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the BYSTANDER

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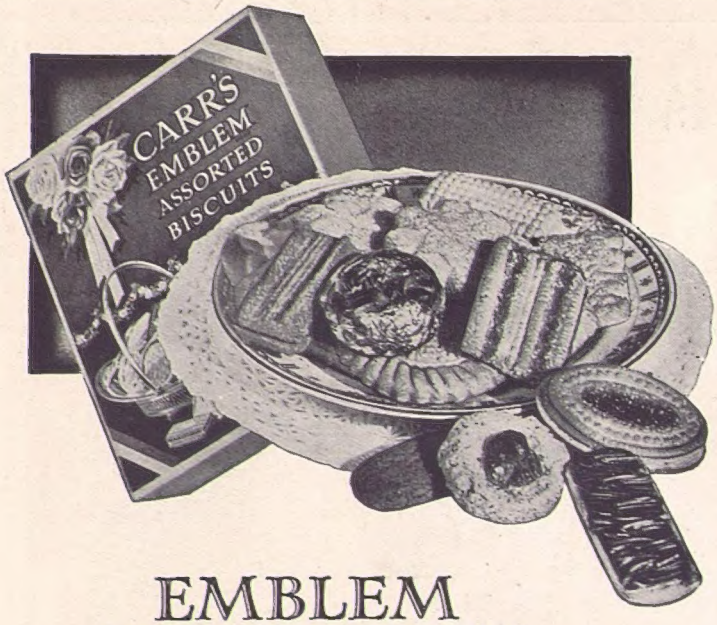

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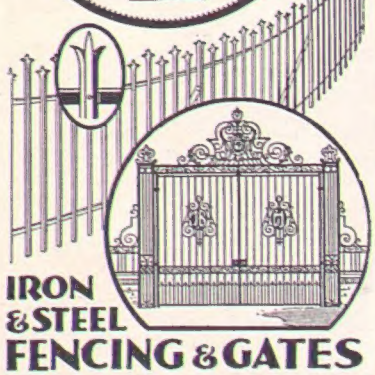

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The Bystander, January 1, 1930 No. 1359. Vol. CV

the BYSTANDER

BY VERNON WARD

SEEING THE NEW YEAR IN!

GEORGE WHITELAW'S WHO'S ZOO—No. 5

Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty is the fifth subject in George Whitelaw's new series of caricatures. In representing the gallant admiral as a sea eagle our artist introduces a touch of symbolism which is by no means difficult to fathom

The Passing Hour

Enter 1930

THE one consolation that can be derived from contemplation of 1929 is that 1930 cannot surely be worse! The deluge must desist, depression having arrived at the crisis point must turn towards prosperity. Though the clouds have by no means dispersed, there is a rift through which a golden glint may be discerned lightening the darkness of Throgmorton Street. No pessimism cast its gloom on the traditional festivities of the New Year's Eve at the hotels, restaurants, and the spectacular Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall. If we can live up to that enthusiastic introduction, not even Mr. Snowden or the prospect of another General Election will interfere with the return of a more benignant fortune. No doubt those who find themselves in the New Year's Honours List will have some cause of gratitude towards 1930, and if rumour is not false the number of Knights and Barons will be added to by Mr. R. C. Sherriff and Sir Joseph Duveen.

Raphael

THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY

Who recently gave birth to a son. Lady Queensberry, who married her husband in 1926, is the beautiful daughter of Mr. Harrington Mann, the well-known artist

Pitch and Toss at the Holiday Meets

SCENES at hunting meets during the holidays very often come perilously close to those at Mr. Bertram Mills's circus at Olympia. Only the "falls" are not made so decorously. The one occasion on which anyone should not go out, who has not been riding regularly, is on Boxing Day or any other crowded meet, such as after a hunt ball. But on the principle that hunting, like bathing, is not much fun alone, out they all go and down they come shortly after. Usually the pack for which motorists make a bee-line during the holiday meets is the Whaddon, for it is near Town. Lord Rosebery is Master, and unfortunate the motorist who is so careless or unlucky as to head off fox or interfere with hounds. Sympathy should be divided between the offending party for the severe and sarcastic castigation he will doubtless receive from Lord Rosebery and the hunt for an interruption that may easily spoil the best run of the day. A fresh face amidst the Whaddon followers this season is that of the amiable Mr. Tommy Graves, bookmaker and gentleman, which is by no means a unique combination nowadays.

ALONG THE CÔTE D'AZUR

Rum Punch at a Wedding

THERE was a most welcome and original provision for guests at the reception after Mr. Geoffrey Buxton's wedding to Miss Horatia Mary Fisher at St. Martin-in-the-Fields a few days before Christmas. Guests had not far to go to the reception, which took place at Mall House, lent by Admiral-of-the-Fleet Sir Charles Madden and Lady Madden, but even that short distance was enough to be thoroughly chilled by the wet, raw weather. Judge, then, everybody's delight when they found that, instead of the customary champagne, bowls of hot rum-punch were being proffered to thaw their semi-frozen extremities. And seldom was the presence of punch more applauded, especially as both the bride and bridegroom are of distinguished naval families, and the reception was crowded with sailors, though very eminent sailors such as Admirals, Captains and Commanders, together with their wives. These included Lady Kelly, Lady de Robeck, Admiral Sir Reginald and Lady Tyrwhitt, Admiral Sir William Goodenough, Countess Jellicoe, Admiral Sir George and Lady Hope, and Admiral Sir Michael and Lady Hodges. I also saw Lady Baring, who was with her attractive daughter, Mrs. Peter Thursby, Dr. Vaughan Williams, and also Sir Felix and Lady Helen Cassel.

On the Riviera

EVERYBODY I have met since I came South, writes my correspondent on the Riviera, seems more than usually delighted to be back again. Whether it is that we've had such an extra big dose of gales and rain that one simply can't believe in the reality of all this sunshine free of cost, so to speak, I can't say, but, anyhow, the net result is extremely pleasant, and, in spite of the repeated wails of those pessimists who predicted a bad season for the Riviera, there are already a very large number of well-known people here, with the immediate prospect of a great many more coming for the New Year. Incidentally, yesterday I saw the Aga Khan and his very pretty wife golfing at Cannes, and they certainly seem to have the right honeymoon spirit, for the Aga was wreathed in smiles, and the bride, as the papers say, "looked radiantly happy." They are always surrounded by friends, and the Begum seems delighted with their charming Antibes villa, which is the most lovely place imaginable.

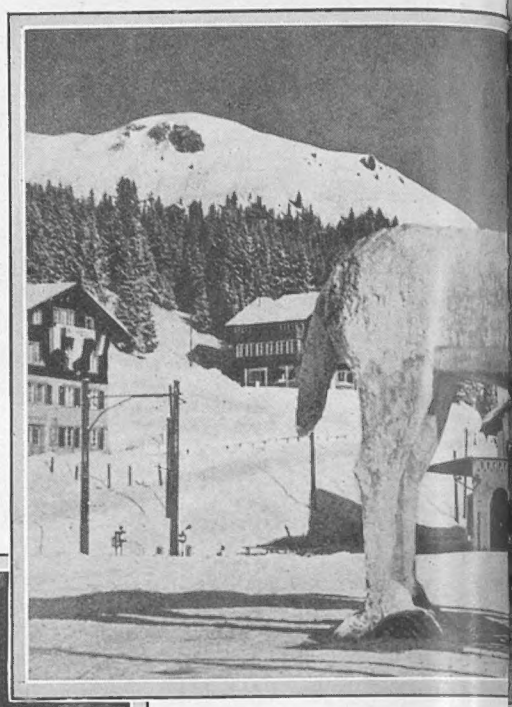
Central Press

LORD LONSDALE ENJOYING HIMSELF

Lord Lonsdale seen at the opening of the Olympia Circus with some of the Jackson Dancing Girls, who are in the bill. He praised Mr. Bertram Mills, the impressario, whose animals, he said, were never cruelly treated

A Popular Personality

A NOTABLE newcomer who is going to settle at Antibes is Major "Jack" Coates, famous for his big-game shooting and his big gambling.

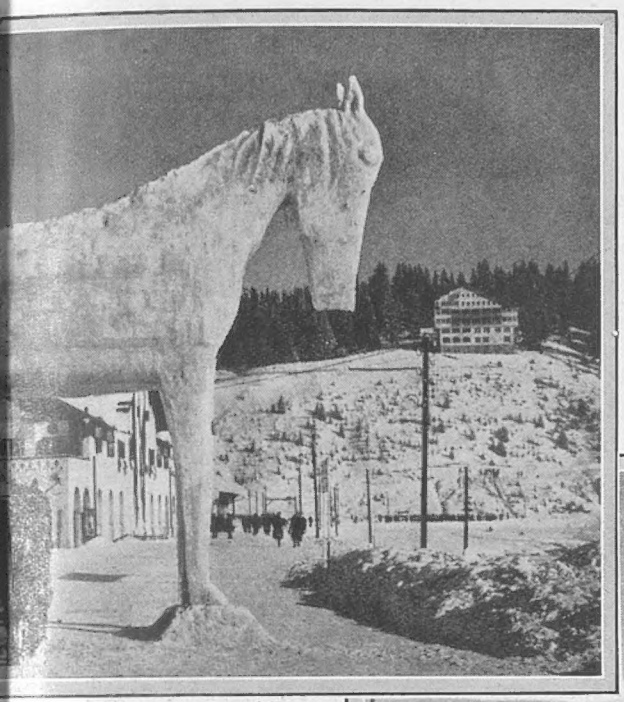


ANCIENT GREECE AND

A snow figure of the giant horse of T... Modern invaders bent on enjoying ... a speedier and more comfortable mode ... horse, be it of wood, s...

This summer he kept the Juan les Pins casino on tip-toes with his daring coups, and this winter I shall expect to see him doing the same thing at Cannes, for he is one of the best gamblers I have ever seen. His new place, by the way, is the "Roche Fleuri" estate, and it includes a little harbour, where Major Coates means to keep a fleet of fast motor boats which he is having "assembled" for him in England. Everyone down here seems to be lawn tennis mad, and as I have been at Cannes for the week I hear of nothing else. Apparently the great "Bill" Tilden makes his first appearance (and they have been expecting him here for four years) next week, so that everyone is getting ready for some super-tennis, and I hear that the "little man from Lyons," Henri Cochet (who holds every big championship that makes life worth living to a man lawn tennis player), is hurrying back from Japan to meet his most famous opponent as quickly as possible, and gets here on New Year's

ENJOYING THE WINTER ABROAD



Topical Press

MODERN SWITZERLAND

erected across one of the streets in Arosa. many pleasures of winter sports prefer transit to the Swiss playground than a or flesh and blood

Day. Lawn tennis club committees are already strengthening the supports of their grand stands in view of the vast crowds that will clamour for seats when they first meet, and to "get their eye in," which, I am told, is the correct term to use. All the players already down South are playing in the Beau Site meeting, which opens the season in Christmas week. Lord Cholmondeley looks awfully well on a tennis court, and seems a pretty powerful player also. It seems a pity "Lili" de Alvarez should prefer St. Moritz to Cannes for Christmas, as she is such a character on the courts, and everyone likes to see her play.

Playtime on the Riviera

THE Laming Worthington-Evanses, Lord Charles Hope, Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield, Miss Thelma Cazalet, etc., are going to play, and I shall have to go up to the Beau Site, if only for the chance of seeing that lovely person, Lady Lavery (who has taken the villa in the hotel gardens, and who always has the happy knack

Keystone View

Winter sports enthusiasts enjoying a brief break from the strenuous side of life to enjoy the morning cocktail. The photograph was taken at Wengen, one of the most popular winter sports centres in Switzerland

of getting exactly the right shades of vivid colours which should be worn in Riviera sunshine). I fancy there will not be much champagne left in Cannes on Christmas morning, as everyone seems to be giving or going to a réveillon party, and some of them go on so long that one gets extremely thirsty towards breakfast time after twinkling round the Ambassadors floor to Billy Arnold's band, which really makes you dance whether

Topical Press

Members of the Cambridge University Ski team who met Oxford at St. Moritz on December 23. They are seen at the Corviglia Hut above St. Moritz enjoying a rest during a practice run

OUT WITH THE HOUNDS AT CHRISTMAS

your feet ache or not. It's a curious thing how easy it looks to win at "chemin," or, for the matter of that, at anything, when things are going right, and I joined a big crowd watching Miss Jenny Dolly ruining some good big banks at the Cercle Prive (Monte Carlo) last night, and didn't believe she could go wrong. Whatever she did went well, and to see her handle those big piles of plaques made one feel quite weak, "so early in the season, to see such a lot of

Topical

The scene in Selby, Yorks, where the Bramham Moor, of which the Earl of Harewood is the Master, met on Boxing Day. A large crowd assembled in the streets to watch hounds move off to draw the first covert

good money about," as I heard someone say in the crowd. She had *some* rings on, too, one diamond which is *insured* at 5 million francs, and an emerald, on the other hand, the size of a small pigeon's egg. With this she wore the simplest little black coat, skirt and hat you can think of, and the effect was very striking. So was the diamond, which flashed like a searchlight. There is a pretty big gathering of gamblers in the Cercle, though quite a lot will make their first bet to-morrow night, when the Sporting Club, very clean and new-looking, opens its doors. The Grand Duke Dimitri is here, also Madame de Bittencourt, who is one of the biggest gamblers here.

On Yachting Bent

MR. AND MRS. SOLLY JOEL are coming round in their yacht, the Eileen, now they are in Cannes, but are going to move on quite shortly, and I hear the Duke of Westminster, who spent Christmas at Monte Carlo, is off on his yacht, the Cutty Sark, in the first few days of the New Year, to Albania, taking Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, Major and Mrs. "Vandy" Beatty, and Sir "Joe" Laycock amongst his party of friends on board. Lord Furness, I think, means to put in a few days here before he joins the Sofer Whitburns at Marseilles, and goes out on a big-game shoot to Mombasa. Evelyn Fitzgerald and his wife (she always looks one of the best-dressed people here, and gets prettier every year) are "regulars" for Christmas at Monte Carlo, and those two hospitable people, Colonel and Madame Balsan, will have a houseful up at Eze, where they live perched up on the tops of the hills, before they go off up the Nile in January. Another person who had a Christmas party is Mlle. Chanel, who has just built herself a lovely Provençal house out at Roquelume. It seems that she can design houses just

Lady Joan Birkbeck, whose husband, Lieut.-Colonel Olive, 1929, at the Boxing Day meet held at Cokesford House and Mis

TIME: SOME POPULAR HOLIDAY MEETS

Sport and General

The West Norfolk held their Boxing Day meet at Cokesford House, Tittleshall. The large field that turned out for this popular meet is seen moving off to draw at Tittleshall

as well as she can dresses, and this is absolutely one hundred per cent. per cent.

A Flight Into Arabia

WHILE most people are content with conventional holidays in Switzerland and the Riviera, others seek more spirited excursions, and two trips I hear of sound full of the spice of adventure. One is the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Sibour's approaching flight into Arabia and the obscure lands of the Queen of Sheba. The other is Mr. and Mrs. K. Lee Guinness's voyage in their yacht to seek buried treasure off the West Coast of Africa. Incidentally, with the present price of tin and rubber, the West Coast would do well to bury some of its "treasure"—a shortage might increase the price of its products! Vicomte de Sibour and his wife, who is Mr. Selfridge's daughter, have only recently returned from a world flight in their Moth aeroplane, but this hidden world of Anim in Arabia is going to provide more excitement than any trip like that. They will enter country where the fashions in women's clothes cannot have changed in a thousand years, and where their aeroplane may possibly be mistaken for a giant eagle—or perhaps an angel. It is sincerely to be hoped that a sight of the Vicomtesse's chic flying kit will not provoke a revolution among the wives.

Sport and General

Birkbeck, took over the Mastership of the West Norfolk in Tittleshall. With her are Lady Coke, Lady Airlie Morrison Bell

L.N.A.

STARTING YOUNG!

Little John Fairhust at a recent meet of the Cottesmore at Tugby Toll Bar. He is the son of Capt. F. A. Fairhust, of Skeffington Hall

From Six to Eight

WINTER time is cocktail time, though, indeed, no time ever ceases to be the opportunity for this pleasant peril to our digestions. And the cocktail is so essentially in the spirit of the times—it is so democratic. Given the ingredients of a few—or many—bottles and something to shake them in, all you need besides is four walls and a fire—even a gas fire will do—and your friends will complete the entertainment. No longer is it necessary for the impecunious to borrow maids and butlers, knives and forks; they may entertain every lion in Society's cage at sale-time prices. I know several who have found a path into a more rarefied atmosphere by this way of the bargain basement. I do not know whether the Soviet Ambassador will give a cocktail party to warm the somewhat barren magnificence of Sunderland House, which has been acquired as the Embassy, but if he does it will certainly not be in any contradiction of his country's political creed. There is nothing so equalising as a cocktail party, either because of the drink, or because of the lack of it, and the fashion of making it the occasion of a house-warming seems to be growing.

The Floor-Sweeping Frocks

MR. AND MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY, he a son of a director of the Bank of England, Sir Robert Kindersley, and she formerly Miss Oonagh Guinness, gave such a party recently to show friends over their new house in Rutland Gate, while Mrs. R. D. Blumenfeld a few days later made a like opportunity to emphasise a change of address. At the same time, sherry is more and more taking the place of the cocktail as a drink. Just before Christmas Mrs. Cunningham-Reid summoned her friends to look at her new house in Upper Grosvenor Street, at what might be described as a late-edition cocktail party with dancing. If evidence were needed of the emphatic—and I think to be deplored—return of the longer dress, it was here amply supplied by sight of the hostess's sister, Lady Louis Mountbatten, in a striking white frock that swept the floor, as did the skirts of Lady Brecknock, the Marquise de Casa Maury, Lady Brownlow, and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton. And "among others present" was Lady Plunket.

L.N.A.

"When he was thrown out of Office . . . Mr. Baldwin allowed himself to be photographed at the door of 10, Downing Street

Photographs

"Both the pipe and the honesty were overdone. They quickly showed that Mr. Baldwin was a bad psychologist"

MR. BALDWIN: A Study in

THE only thing certain about British politics to-day is that Mr. Baldwin will leave no mark on them; or, at any rate, not the kind of mark his mildly enthusiastic followers expect from him. I read a story in an American newspaper some time ago—since then, I think, captured for the films—of a youth in a college football team who, securing the ball in a moment of crisis, dashed gallantly with it—towards the wrong goal! He grabbed the ball for his party, but in his excitement he threw away the match.

THAT is really what Mr. Baldwin did with his Party following the miraculous return to power in 1924. The country, being sick of Socialism, strikes, and the Soviets, gave him a national mandate to rule these things and not be ruled by them. And the moment Mr. Baldwin secured the ball he started off with it towards the enemy's goal.

BUT not in a moment of frenzied excitement. Quite quietly, quite calmly. He simply tucked the ball under his arm and trotted in the wrong direction. His amazed followers at first could only stand and gape. His opponents were too startled to cheer. . . . For four years Mr. Baldwin continued his gentle trot in the wrong direction, finally presenting the other side with complete victory with his famous "Votes for Flappers" movement.

THERE is in all English politics no parallel for the wholesale throwing away of power as shown by the Conservatives—representing a national majority—in the years 1924-29. And this despite that other great élan of national feeling when in 1926 the nation rose solidly once more behind the Government which was supposed to represent constitutionalism, and smashed the general strike in a week, with no bones broken. There followed that other great stroke of luck of 1927 when, following much journalistic agitation of the right kind, the rats of Arcos were turned out. Then came a period of national tranquillity such as we had never known since the War. Strikes vanished. The prestige of the Government was as high as ever.

AND in the short period between then and the last General Election everything was thrown away. Hand in hand, like two innocent Babes in the Wood, Mr. Baldwin and "Jix" marched benignly on to disaster. All sorts of friends warned them urgently, but they would not listen. They knew. Something had told them. And so, still prattling artlessly about "Votes for Flappers," they fell headlong over the political precipice which had been waiting there all the time.

MILESTONES IN MR. STANLEY BALDWIN'S CAREER

Political Private Secretary to Mr. A. Bonar Law	1916
Junior Lord of the Treasury	1917
Joint Financial Secretary to the Treasury	1917 and 1919
President of the Board of Trade	1921
Broke the Coalition	(Oct.) 1922
Chancellor of the Exchequer under Mr. Bonar Law	(Oct.) 1922
Went to America to Settle the Debts	(Dec.) 1922
Succeeded Bonar Law on his Resignation	(Mar.) 1923
Went to the Country on Protection. Lost a Majority of 75 and put the Labour Party in	1923
Returned with Overwhelming Majority through Labour Party's Ineptitude	(Nov.) 1924
General Strike	1926
Went to the Country on "Safety First" and Lost the Biggest Majority the Conservative Party had Ever Known	1929

THE oddest thing is that, though the fall was terrific, neither of them seemed to feel the bump. "Jix" is in the House of Lords, and, naturally enough, is indignant about Egypt and even hints at the necessity of strength in ruling an Empire. And Mr. Baldwin shows that his self-esteem is utterly unruffled. One expects even a film hero to look a little less than himself after falling over a cliff. But Mr. Baldwin can topple off Everest, and be found at the bottom still smiling and smoking his pipe. Nero fiddling while Rome burned has long been a moral of sheer indifference to chaos, but Mr. Baldwin smokes his pipe and babbles about pig-sties whilst the British Empire is going to blazes.

L.N.A.

"One expects even a film hero to look a little less than himself after falling over a cliff"

Temperament by Collinson Owen

THAT pipe! It may be that in years to come historians will find that the decline and fall of the British Empire dated from the day when Mr. Baldwin decided that it was good publicity to be photographed smoking a large pipe.

ONCE or twice no doubt was well enough. It was well to know that at last there was a pleasant Englishman in charge of us who liked his pipe. It was about this time that we were assured that Mr. Stanley Baldwin was honest. As though there is any virtue in being honest in English politics! However foolish our politicians may be, they simply can't help being honest, if only because there is no room for "graft" in our system. To insist so much that Mr. Baldwin was honest was almost equivalent to saying that all the other politicians were living on hush-money, which is the one social feature we have not yet imported from New York.

L.N.A.

"Mr. Baldwin shows that his self-esteem is entirely unruffled"

L.N.A.

"Still smiling and smoking his pipe!"

BOTH the pipe and the honesty were overdone. They quickly showed that Mr. Baldwin was a bad psychologist. The times needed something more than mere complacency. But, regrettable as these errors were, they were nothing compared to some other mistakes Mr. Baldwin has made in psychology.

WHEN he was thrown out of Office at the end of 1923 Mr. Baldwin allowed himself to be photographed at the door of 10, Downing Street, with the pantechnicon containing his household goods as a background. (He was, by the way, smoking his pipe!)

Keystone

"For four years Mr. Baldwin continued his gentle trot in the wrong direction." Note Mr. Baldwin is seen leaving Downing Street by the back door!

FANCY a Prime Minister of Great Britain leaving Office and presenting this as his last gesture to the public! Imagine the dignified Ramsay doing such a thing! What is even more amazing is that when Mr. Baldwin vacated Downing Street for the second time this humble pose of a Prime Minister leaving home with his goods and chattels was repeated.

WHETHER Mr. Baldwin's complacency springs from a sort of chromium-plated self-esteem or from an exaggerated humility unnatural in any man perhaps nobody will ever know. (It may be a mixture of both.) But what is quite certain is that these, and many other, revealing poses show that what the Conservative Party needs to fight its present desperate battle is not so much a new policy as a new man. He has a last-minute chance of redemption. If the Conservative leader drops his foolish dislike of the Press and adopts Empire Free Trade wholeheartedly there will be a new hope for Britain.

C. O.

"The Sleeping Beauty" at Drury Lane

Clarice Hardwicke (Trixie), whose song "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," with very juvenile chorus, is one of the hits of the pantomime

Julian Wylie, the producer, has seized his chance in having the vast Drury Lane stage at his disposal, and many of the stage pictures are not only gorgeous but beautiful. The final scenes of Parts I and II, which show the throne room and the silver gardens, are a feast of colour, while Beauty's boudoir, though less vast, is equally effective.

If I have one small grumble it is that tableau curtains are often employed between the changes of scene, an innovation which in the old days was never thought of, and the amusement in trying to pierce the gloom and see how the changes were effected is lost to the audience.

But spectacle is not the only feature of this pantomime, for humour has not been neglected. Some of the comedy scenes are full of real rollicking fun, in which G. S. Melvin as the Queen, ably assisted by James Craig—a down-trodden king—carry off chief honours.

Why our Mr. Melvin is so amusing is that in addition to being a comedian he is also an actor with a keen sense of observation and humour, and entirely devoid of vulgarity, as is, it is only fair to add, the whole pantomime. Why, at times, the Queen should appear as a lawn tennis player, a girl guide, and in other rôles I do not know, but I raise no objections as long as this clever comedian is on the stage and making me laugh.

In addition to a grown-up chorus, which is not only good to look upon but also good to hear, there are a number of children who are as clever as the paint upon their faces. They dance and evolute delightfully, though they sing with more enthusiasm than correctitude. Lilian Davies makes a handsome-looking principal prince and sings charmingly, while Eve Gray as the princess does no injustice to the pantomime, even though on occasions she struck me as a rather sleepy as well as a sleeping beauty.

V. W.

Drury Lane has been described as the national theatre, and now that pantomime reigns there once more with a thoroughly British production, it deserves its title. What is more, I prophesy that *The Sleeping Beauty* will be a success, for it is a most entertaining show, which will not only delight children, but grown-ups as well, which, from the box-office point of view, is even more important!

Lilian Davies (Prince Florizel), G. S. Melvin (the Queen), and Eve Gray (Princess Beauty), three of the principals in "The Sleeping Beauty"

BY DAVID WILSON

SNAGS!

STARS OF THE WEEK

Raphael

MISS EVE TURNER

As she appears in "The Apple Cart," at the Queen's Theatre. She has had considerable experience with the Birmingham Repertory Company in the past

Anthony

Raphael

MISS GLADYS MILLER

Who plays the part of Ella in the immortal "Charley's Aunt," which is at Daly's this Christmas

MISS MARIE NIELSON

On left: The première danseuse in "The Sleeping Beauty," at Drury Lane. The ballets in this pantomime have been produced by Ninette de Valois

Janet Jevons

MISS MARIE BURKE

The well-known singer, who is now appearing in musical comedy. She is playing in "The Student Prince," at the Piccadilly Theatre

Sasha

MISS LILIAN DAVIES

Who is the Principal Boy in Julian Wylie's production of "The Sleeping Beauty," at Drury Lane. This is the first time she has played in pantomime

Two Well-known Society Women

Lenare

MRS. DUDLEY WARD

One of the most beautiful women in Society and a well-known figure at many important functions. Her husband, who is an expert in economics, was the British Representative under the Dawes Scheme for Reparations

Paul Tanqueray

THE HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON

The charming Society woman who has interested herself in various business activities. She is the daughter of Sir David Kinloch and the daughter-in-law of Lord Grantley

A pretty incident in the kiddies' fairy play, "Where the Rainbow Ends," which has been revived at the Holborn Empire again this year. Pauline Sitwell, the niece of Miss Edith Sitwell, is seen surrounded by fairies in the Mushroom Dance

A Kiddies' Causerie

You can pay your money and take your choice, for, as is usual at this time of year, the theatres, in addition to what is known as established successes—and some not so established—are featuring entertainments considered seasonable.

For instance, there is the pantomime at Drury Lane—the first to be staged here since the house was rebuilt—which is reviewed in "another place," to adopt the phrase used by the plebian Commons when speaking of the Lords. Also, following the usual practice, there is pantomime at the Lyceum. The theme chosen this year is *Puss in Boots*, which, considering the recent floods, might have been called *Puss in Boats*. The book is written in rhymed couplets, couplets which are discarded when the comedians get to work and the dulcet tones of George Jackley whisper sweet nothings which can easily be heard by the occupants in the top row of the gallery. Gwladys Stanley and Kitty Reidy are the principal boy and girl, and afford a pleasing contrast to the rough-and-ready fun.

The Scala Theatre also has a pantomime, *The Babes in the Wood*, which prides itself on being "old-fashioned," and in which Gladys—not Gwladys this time—Cruickshank and Helen Wright head the bill. They are not old-fashioned, but a transformation scene and a long harlequinade assuredly are, and none the worse for that.

These three pantomimes complete the West End list, but, of course, the *Peter Pan*-tomime crops up again, this time at the St. James's Theatre. This revival possesses the advantage of having Jean Forbes Robertson playing Peter with an elfin touch, and, after a lapse of many years, Sir Gerald du Maurier doubling the parts of Mr. Darling—complete with dog-kennel—and Captain Hook, the redoubtable pirate, who causes children cold thrills of fearful ecstasy.

Hardy annuals, which reappear with the regularity of Christmas puddings, are *Where the Rainbow Ends* at the Holborn Empire for matinees, and *The Windmill Man*, also for matinees, at the Victoria Palace, both good entertainments for those of tender years—the former patriotic and the latter, written by the veteran Frederick Bowyer, author of a hundred pantomimes, of the whimsical type.

Established favourites are two old farces, *Charley's Aunt*, at Daly's Theatre, and *The Private Secretary*—who appears to "like London," despite the Rev. Robert Spalding's famous remark to the contrary—at the Criterion Theatre. While it would be almost unthinkable had not *When Knights Were Bold* paid its annual Christmas visit—now at the Playhouse.

Yet another seasonable revival is *Treasure Island* at matinees at the Strand Theatre, where Robert Loraine follows the late Arthur Bourchier's footsteps—or rather in his footstep—by giving a fine performance of that one-legged ruffian John Silver; while at night Ian Hay's *Sport of Kings* is a farce which excites laughter from children of all ages.

A Drama About Gentlemen

What foreign critics think of *Journey's End* is well exemplified in the following translation from *Hufvudstadsbladet*, the chief daily paper in Finland:—

Twelve years ago the Great War ended, but only now, it seems, comes forth its real poetry. It has required time and perspective to ripen in the mind, and certainly it will be very different from what the war enthusiasts and hero-worshippers once thought. But it is appearing. So much suffering could not lack flowers to blossom over the graves. Great — honest — and manly.

"The Germans are really quite decent, aren't they? I mean, outside the newspapers?"

This reflection is uttered by young Raleigh in Journey's End. *In our country the Press was not at all unfavourable towards the Bosches. It was much more severe towards Mr. Sherriff's countrymen. If one could have thought out such a play during the War, the exclamation would have broken from many of us—but about Englishmen.*

It was Gustaf Mattsson, that prince of journalists, who once wrote that when a panic endangered human life and safety and a courageous man stepped forward and saved the situation, in nine cases out of ten his title was not Herr or Monsieur, but Mr.

These words rang in my ears unceasingly yesterday as I watched Sherriff's play at the Svenska Teater, where Mr. Warner has been hard at work for eight days and nights. So simple, so absolutely without pose are the characters drawn, and yet each in its own way presents something of what is proudest and finest in the English mentality. They were all, as Osborne says in the piece, "Good stuff." Rough and without fine words, they reminded us that the Briton is the European who created the word "gentleman."

English gentlemanliness manifested itself also in the drawing of the one little field-grey German who comes and clicks heels in Journey's End *—and sets his teeth over the important information they want to force from him.*

Without exhibiting any of the traditional signs of epic poetry, Journey's End *seemed to us a great, simple poem about heroes—or perhaps we should rather say—about men.*

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

Roberto di Vascrucellos, a Portuguese of noble birth who is appearing in Bertram W. Mills's Circus at Olympia this year. He is regarded by the experts as the last word in high school training of the horse and the most remarkable exponent of the art ever seen in this country. As such he is proving a very big draw among those interested in the higher training of the horse

if gossip

Hoppe

Peggy O'Neil, who is now playing opposite Aubrey Smith in "The Bachelor Father," at the Garrick. This play has been considerably altered and improved since it was first produced in this country

SOME of us having spent more than we can afford in seeing the Old Year out and the New Year in — restaurant parties, fanfares as the clock strikes twelve, scraggy little Cupids, who ought to have been in bed long before, jumping out of eggs, free dolls, champagne (not free), and bromo-seltzer the next morning—we are about to settle down to another twelve months, during which it will become increasingly difficult to settle up. What launching bombshells, in other than the literal sense, has got to do with the Minister of War I know not. But Mr. Tom Shaw, having made our flesh creep a fortnight before by suggesting that the Government might leave in the cart those who had invested in War Loan (by the simple process of repudiating it), has now said that, given a clear majority, he and his colleagues "will abolish poverty."

NOTE, please, that egregious claim. Not "will *diminish* poverty," or "will *try* to abolish poverty," or anything mild and modest of that sort. "Will abolish poverty," tout court, is the programme. If we cannot do it in any other way, says Mr. Shaw in effect, we will take the money from those who have it, and give it to those who haven't. To those who live in the most heavily taxed country in the world, or, rather, to the small minority who live in it and pay those taxes as opposed to the large majority who live in it and who do not, this comes as the cruellest piece of irony in political history.

IS Mr. Shaw attempting to suggest that the party to which he belongs have ever done anything else than rob the working Peter to pay the non-working Paul? The Labour Party are, it is true, not solely to blame in this respect. But with the colossal sum of close on £400,000,000 being raised and paid away annually in various forms of doles to create paupers and unemployables by the thousand, the hint that money is to be taken away from those who, in these days, are foolish enough to set about saving any, and that this is a novel and brainy idea, is as poor a joke as I have ever known. Mr. Tom Shaw in private is, I believe, a rubicund and genial person given to humour. But in future his public jokes must be on a higher level than this.

By COLLINS

"Why is your bus making that noise, old man?"
"Don't you know that all baby cars have a rattle?"

Miss Binnie Hale and Mr. Bobby Howes, the leading Cinders," at the Hippodrome, rehearsing the Sir Roger Cinders" party. Held at the Kit-Cat in honour of the

we must

To America we have just sent a nice little New Year's present in the form of just on £20,000,000. Much more than that will go the same way before 1930 is out. How pleasant the reflection that we have only another £900,000,000 to pay America—money lent to our Allies without hope of return—for the War, which made her more fabulously rich than ever! I like to think that, with infinite tact, America decided to reduce her income tax the very week in which this £20,000,000 was despatched. And France has just reduced her income tax, and Germany has just reduced hers, too. And Great Britain? Well, we are just—reduced.

I MET at the annual dinner—at the Hyde Park Hotel—of the United Associations of Great Britain and France a man, putting in a bit of temporary journalism and, incidentally, very glad of a good meal for once in a way, who is a typical example of the new poor, and "a good plucked 'un" at that. Of a decent old family, and a spotless record, he fought through the War, won the M.C., and so forth. With no private income and no luck in getting a job he soon found himself more or less down and out. After a few years he got into uniform again—as a turnstile man at Wembley Exhibition. He then sold matches and umbrella rings in the street. I came across him a year ago in Paris, acting as an assistant barman at one of the smaller and less desirable places near the Boulevard Clichy, washing up glasses used by niggers in jazz bands and accepting half-franc tips from drunken minor tourists, Argentine souteneurs, thieves, blackmailers, prostitutes, and all the scum of the so-called City of Light. He is still cheerful, and, mirabile dictu, an optimist.

LORD DERBY, who is off to his beloved Cannes very soon now, was in the chair at this dinner, and an excellent speech came from the French Ambassador, who really has a gift of epigram. There were plenty of other speeches. The room was terribly hot and crowded, though the dinner was first class. Two people "threw" fits in the course of the evening. Whether as the result of the dinner or of the speeches, or of the combination of both, I thought it more tactful not to inquire.

HOLMAN CLARK, the most amusingly bland actor who ever made up like the venerable Sir James Crichton-Browne, I have missed sadly since his death a few years ago. But when I saw Hubert

Photopress

lights in that amusing British musical comedy. "Mr. de Coverley dance which they gave at the recent "Mr. play's 400th performance, it proved an enormous success

Stage Photo Co.

Mary Grew as Helen Laroche and Dennis Neilson Terry as Tokeramo in a tense scene from "Typhoon." This clever play has been revived at the newly opened Duchess Theatre

Lenare

Menakra, the beautiful Eastern dancer, who comes from an old and aristocratic Bengal family, will be in the cast of Mr. C. B. Cochran's new revue which is due in March. In private life she is Mme. Leila Sokhey

TRIPS IN RESTAURANT LAND

Harben play his part in the revival of *The Sport of Kings* (which, I hope, will at last bring good luck to the Strand Theatre) it was possible to realise that the gap may be filled after all. Harben, who is personally the most lovable of souls, has been long associated with side-whiskered Victorian priggishness. He now makes fun of all this and shows himself as a farce comedian of the first water. In the cast is Felicity Seddon, who created something like a sensation by appearing last summer as an American sailor at a wild party given on board the Friendship, and was more recently involved in another nautical adventure, which resulted in her leaving *Follow Through*. To the graceful Felicity I offer my—felicitations.

S

SOVRANI, through whose green doors in Jermyn Street so many well-known people pass commemorated the second anniversary of the opening of his restaurant, now famed throughout Europe, the other day. Sovrani is not only a great hôtelier, but is also a personality, even, let me say, something of an autocrat in his way; for example, he does not encourage dancing during the time dinner is served, partly, perhaps, because he respects the digestion of his guests, and almost certainly because he wants them to recognise, without interruption, the excellence of his chef. The type—among them I number some of my friends—who jump up and insist upon seizing a partner half way through the soup, and carry on remorselessly during the fish entrée, and joint, not only disturb the intimacy of a dinner which should be given up to refreshing conversation or back-chat, but delay the service and emphatically would distress the artistic qualities of a Sovrani. Well, his patrons recognise the fact, and the dancing loses nothing of its zest if it takes place along with coffee and dessert, for you will meet the very smartest crowd in London at this famous restaurant. He has special arrangements for New Year's Eve, but his prices remain unchanged. The menu of a dinner I enjoyed there the other day included braised bear.

Photo Union

EPSTEIN OUTRIVALLED

To judge by the two examples seen on this page, sculpturing in Germany certainly does not err on the side of light daintiness. Fräulein Jenny Wiegmann, a young sculptress of advanced ideas, is seen beside her Epstein-like "masterpiece"

Photo Union

THE HE-MAN!

Another example of modern German art. It is the work of Dorothea Schaper, who may or may not have had Primo Carnera in mind when she executed it

"Silly little boy! Why did you let"
"I c-couldn't help it mum-mummy."

S

IN my quest for places which cater for the inner man as well as for an enjoyable evening's entertainment I dined at the Piccadilly Hotel's Louis XIV's restaurant, now under the supervision of Vairo, the maître d'hôtel, and was pleased to renew my acquaintance with my old friend Zangiacomi, who always, on every occasion, like Niobe, is all smiles; so was I when they served woodcock with salade d'orange. Sid Bright is now conducting their dance band, and the floor of the Piccadilly is one of the best in London and leaves enough space not to be overcrowded. Visitors to London should not miss this hotel—and, remember, one can obtain a perfect dinner there for 12s. 6d., and in the grillroom for 8s. 6d.—because among those entertaining them are the Twelve Astor Girls, whose dancing is of the highest class; Hugh Ormond, the tenor; and Violino, who has a big reputation on the Continent.

S

EDNA BEST has pluck. On the night when the gale was at its

OUR CALLOUS CUSTOMS OFFICERS

By A. R. Cane

Betty take away all your sweets?"
She ...-vamped me!"

worst she was crossing from Germany—she had spent a week in Berlin—and was the only woman passenger on board the boat. None other had dared to venture. Yet when I met her in the Savoy at dinner-time she was looking as fresh and soignée as if she had just come from a rest-cure instead of an absolutely sleepless night and a heavy day's film rehearsal on the top of it. "I think the Customs people at Harwich," she told me, "were unnecessarily rigid in their inspection, considering how I felt and must have looked—more dead than alive. The man who tackled me not only turned everything I possessed right out of all my boxes, but showed me a secret drawer in one of them which I didn't know existed! I suppose I ought to have thanked him."

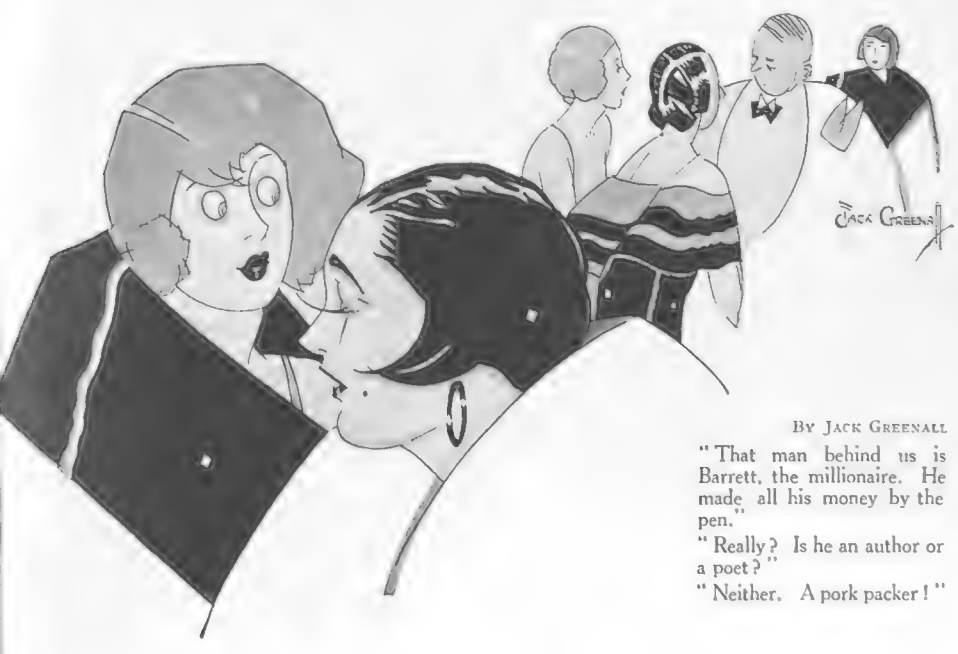
S

SITTING at the next table was that wonderful veteran Sir Alfred Yarrow, the famous shipbuilder. Sir Alfred has built all his life, and continues to build, destroyers, merchant ships, river steamers, and so forth, of superlative speed and quality. Yet in his eighty-eighth year he can sit down in a crowded restaurant and eat a hearty meal with every evidence of enjoyment. Fortunately he is an extremely wealthy man, and he does not have to wait until his ship comes home before he pays the bill—an explanation not likely to pacify the average head waiter, especially in these days when more than a few bills duly signed by customers have proved to be worth nothing more than—just scraps of paper.

S

"PORNOGRAPHY in Nice Bookshops," ran a headline last week.

But surely no really nice bookshop would deal in pornography?



By Jack Greenall

"That man behind us is Barrett, the millionaire. He made all his money by the pen."

"Really? Is he an author or a poet?"

"Neither. A pork packer!"

L.N.A.

Mr. C. B. Cochran on board the Leviathan, on which he and his company who are playing in "Wake Up and Dream" in New York sailed. He is talking from the ship direct to a shore telephone, whilst Tilly Losch, the dancer, lends a helping ear

Some New Year Greetings

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN

Though never more than one in four
Are designated Leap Years,
It's sad, though true, the years now through
Must have resembled Sleep Years!

LADY HOUSTON

Those tramway men now out of work,
Because their jobs they would not shirk,
Have found in you, I'm glad to say,
A champion in every way,
Who faces all their foes together,
And charges at them Hull-for-leather.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD

Although you man the Labour fort,
And guard each redoubt pink,
Just now you'ld feel much more secure
With each "Red" out, I think!

MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE

What though some people show surprise
To see you skipping kitten-wise?
You can reply, without preamble,
"When Madame Plays Nap" she's bound to gambol!

MR. PRIMO CARNERA

They say your speed and weight and size,
Is sure to revolutionise
The world of Boxing. If that's true,
A new Carn-Era dawns in you.

B.W.

PARIS HAT TRICKS

By Blanche B. Elliott

THE Season has shown a neck-and-neck rivalry between the close-fitting skull cap and the hat with a brim, and the honours have gone to the former—for the winter, at least. They have been made less trying by their tendency to drape either at the sides or back, but the front is cut uncompromisingly off the face. Like the new frocks, they require a skilled hand and individual fitting to lift them in the realms of the truly smart.

A delightful simplicity marks Patou's frock of dark blue georgette. Loops fall from the deep-pointed decolletage at the back and bands outline the bolero effect of the bodice and the back-pointed skirt. Model Patou

Sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

THE great ones of the millinery world, we are told, are becoming tired of the universal felt. It has been cut, carved, pleated, patched with fur and silk, and handled in every conceivable way until they have become weary. Yet what, one wonders, can milliners ever offer us which can take its ubiquitous place? Agnés is one of the chief rebels, and she has had so much success with her tricot turbans that she is again experimenting along those lines. She has created some delightful hand-knitted caps. I saw one with a turned-back brim made with a ribbed stitch; another had a double effect as of one béret worn over the other; and Scaioni's photo shows what can be done when it is trimmed with wool flowers. But—they take some wearing!

Agnés moulds the head with this knitted cap of dark blue wool, pu'ls it down on one side and places a wool flower in bright colours on the right side. A feature is the scalloped edge which clings round the face. Model Agnés

THIS fact was aptly demonstrated by Mistinguett, who was trying on the handful of hats she had collected from here and there in the showroom, while Madame Agnés herself and an admiring crowd of vendeuses, and, incidentally, myself, looked on. To see her pull one on and try it this way and that, pull it off and try another to the accompaniment of a running commentary and criticism was to learn something on the subject of hats. Enviously watching her from the corner was a woman who was certainly not French, but who insisted on trying on similar models, though, I am sure, feeling disconsolately conscious of her own inadequacy. In the hands of one the cap became a piquant, daring affair; in the other, rather like an ill-fitting golf stocking. A moving picture of the two would show better than any words a little of the inner meaning of hat psychology.

IT has been claimed that the short skirt has done much by its revelations to improve the appearance of the foot and leg of the average woman; so has the brimless hat done much (or should have done) for her face, in order that the unshielded features and complexion may meet the rather trying outlines of the off-the-face style. For, frankly, after twenty-five (or, if lucky, thirty) the sculptured outline of the brimless hat really needs the assistance of a little make-up to look successful: just something that will help to keep that "schoolgirl complexion." And yet how comparatively few women try the freshening effect of face massage which, with cream and a touch of the right rouge, does *so* much. I have been seeing so many red noses and faces that looked pinched and wrinkled, wearing

AN ATTRACTIVE MOLYNEUX MODEL

the set, searching expression of the Christmas and New Year shopper, that I feel quite discouraged. What would the smartest of hats look like on them? And *what* will they be looking like now the sales are on! The comments of a smart American who has returned to London after a visit to the States tends to depress me further. She says she has seen more dowdy-looking frumps (her own words) in the streets here in three minutes than in New York in three months, and plaintively asks me why. I don't know. Do you? I am doing my best about it, but doubt if it makes me very popular!

INCIDENTALLY, she brought over one of the loveliest black fur coats in sleek, fine, curly broadtail, which just makes black musquash look like a back number. It was cut with the new high turn-over collar, and had long, clean lines, with the pattern of the baby lamb (just six weeks old is the best age) worked in exquisite design. It is a "flat" fur that makes for slim lines, and is so light and hard-wearing, yet so utterly smart, that it is right for any occasion. It cost a good deal, but if you want a black fur coat I would strongly suggest that you choose one like that.

TALKING of furs, how little most women really know about them and their relative values. The dressy furs that count are, of course, sable, mink, ermine and fox, and for more practical wear there are the various flat furs as astrakhan, broadtail and pony. Something in between is seal, squirrel and natural musquash—known in Canada and the States by its correct name of musk-rat. Grey squirrel is soft and becoming to the woman with a fair skin, and beaver is especially delightful wear with its sheen of silkiness like floss; then there is plucked otter, a fur not worn nearly enough on this side.

Molyneux uses felt and curves breitschwantz fur becomingly at the sides and round the back of this close-fitting model. Any hardness of line is softened by the fine full veil with spotted border which falls to the chin.

Model Molyneux

CLEMENCE DANE REVIEWS

The Book of the Month : "The Lacquer Lady" By Tennyson Jesse (Heinemann : 7s. 6d.)

SCOTT gave the English writer and reader a taste for historical novels which neither, thanks be, has lost. But he did more than create his own unrivalled series of romances. He created a school. We have to thank him for Stevenson and Harrison Ainsworth, for Kingsley, and a host of lesser writers, as well as for a wonderful array of single historical romances by great writers whose main interest was in the life of their own time; for it became an accepted convention that every writer of standing should create at least one historical romance before he counted himself the complete novelist.

IT was a good convention. It gave us *Henry Esmond, Maid Marian, Barnaby Rudge, Lorna Doone, The Cloister on the Hearth, Romola,* and a dozen other masterpieces. But it is a convention no longer observed. We have not yet had a Saga of early Britain from Mr. Galsworthy, a study of education in "the God-forsaken nigger Manchester - Carthage" by Mr. Wells, nor a romance of domestic life in the Etruscan potteries by Mr. Bennett.

PERHAPS the trouble is that the present craze for imaginative biography has reduced the writer of historical romance from his proper job. Writing a good novel with a sound historical basis means hard work; it means using the British Museum as well as one's imagination. Besides, the historical novel depends so much more than the modern novel on a really good plot; and the gift of story-telling is a Victorian rather than a modern talent. However, this scarcity of first-class historical novels by English writers will make the reader the more ready to welcome Miss Tennyson Jesse and to applaud her for following the good Victorian convention. For though Miss Jesse has written land stories and sea stories, plays, poetry, pastiche and critical essays, this is her first historical novel.

SHE goes back a bare fifty years in actual time, but she writes of a life as remote as life under a Pharaoh. And, indeed, there is some resemblance between the rule of Cleopatra of Egypt and the rule of Supaya-lat, the wife of Thibaw of Burma and his chief queen. But Cleopatra, with all her pride and luxury and imperious will, knew how the civilised world conducted itself, and so was a match for three Cæsars. But Supaya-lat, whose blood was as royal as Cleopatra's, had her subtlety but not her wisdom.

Miss Frya Tennyson Jesse, whose novel, "The Lacquer Lady" (Heinemann : 7/6), the Book Society's choice for the month, is reviewed on this page. In private life she is the wife of H. M. Harwood, the celebrated dramatist

THROUGH her unawareness of life outside the Golden Palace she was wrecked. From time immemorial wholesale slaughter of the royal family had followed the accession of a new king. Supaya-lat could not understand why she and Thibaw might not follow the old customs. So she intrigued and flaunted and massacred as innocently, if one may use the word, as a cat let loose in an aviary till, the lives of Europeans being endangered, the British interfered, and there was an end of the Kingdom of Ava.

"AN idea had been wiped out of the world"; the idea of royalty that had held romance and magic for men since the beginning of the world, but which the world seemed to be growing out of, as a child discards its toys. David, Solomon, Charlemagne, the Black Prince, Henri of Navarre, le Roi Soleil . . . .

MISS JESSE tells the story of this tragedy, this death of an idea, with tremendous force and vividness, though she insists that "it was not a real tragedy. . . . The truth was, these Burmese people had not been fit matter for tragedy. . . . They still had their toys, the pleasantness of their daily lives, their family loves, their coloured wear, the consciousness of superiority; the gay bubbles of their souls still flew against the painted sky in the golden glow of evening."

ONE of the gay bubbles is a pretty little half-caste, Fanny Moroni. She is educated in a prim British boarding-school, but, schooldays over, returns joyously to Mandalay with her English school-friend, Agatha. Agatha, who marries a clergyman, remains entirely European in outlook, but Fanny, in spite of her English sea-captain, is soon absorbed in the life of the Golden City. She adores Supaya-lat, becomes her favourite, and, protected by her, watches the gay, luxurious, blood-stained life of the kings and queens and princesses slip by. Not till the Queen has reigned some seven years does Fanny become the instrument of Supaya-lat's fall. But her white blood never affects her personal loyalty to the Queen; and when Supaya-lat, a widow, a semi-prisoner and an old woman, but still the Queen, that lost symbol of royalty and romance, sends for her, Fanny and her second husband abandon their English home and living and return to Mandalay, leaving Agatha strangely envious.

THE Queen had sent for Fanny . . . Agatha, turning her steps homewards, saw the spire of the Cathedral stand up against the cloudy sky like a drawn sword.

"Never again for Agatha, but soon for Fanny, would the Shway Dragon, like a tongue of flame whose still music is for the ears of the spirit, burn in the golden bell of evening."

The man who could not find a 'match'

for WILLS'S

"GOLD FLAKE"

CIGARETTES

GETTING AWA

BY JOHN GORDLE

AY WITH IT!

BY CHARLES ROBINSON

CINDERELLA

Some of the well-known personalities who fell victims to our caricaturist, Mundo, at the National Greyhound Racing Society's Annual Banquet at the Savoy. They are (1) Sir William Gentle, (2) Lord Loch, C.B., C.M.G., M.V.O., D.S.O. (3) Major-General the Hon. Sir Newton Moore, K.C.M.G., M.P. (4) Lord Askwith. (5) Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, G.C.B., M.V.O., and (6) Vice-Admiral Sir Victor Stanley, K.C.B., M.V.O.

The LURE of GREYHOUND RACING

By R. M. Phillips

THERE is no doubt now that greyhound racing is firmly established in this country, and that it occupies a strong position among the great national sports. Like all "new things," it was violently opposed in the early days, and many who did not actually oppose it gave the pioneers but a short spell of prosperity. As in all successful ventures, it was followed by a boom, and many "bubble" companies appeared and disappeared with equal rapidity, bringing a bad reputation (at least in financial circles) upon this popular sport. The sound original enterprises have weathered the storm, and those who preach the doctrine of the decline of dog racing are given the lie by irrefutable figures which show that, whereas at Harringay Park last year 120 meetings were required to reach the million mark (paid admissions) this year the same number had passed the turnstiles by the 99th meeting.

IF the "Man in the Street" (if such a person actually exists) were asked to name the National sport, he would probably say horse racing (after Association football), and yet those who "go to the dogs" far outnumber horse racing crowds, even for a record season, four and a half million going to horse races against 16 million paid admissions to the dogs.

AND what of the people who constitute those millions, who are for the most part such faithful and regular disciples of this fascinating pastime? If horse racing is called "The Sport of Kings," then how much more truly can greyhound racing be said to be "The Sport of Democracy"? At most of the London tracks the majority of the spectators are to be found in the cheaper stands, but even so the 5s. rings are always comfortably full, and in the 7s. 6d. and Club enclosures one can always spend a pleasant quarter of an hour discovering what celebrities happen to be present on a particular evening, for a great number of celebrities *do* go to the dogs, and many are regular supporters. The film world especially favours the White City track, and during the past season parties from the heat and glare of the studios were glad to be able to indulge in a little open-air diversion.

THOSE responsible for this form of sport are always anxious to study the taste of their patrons, and at the end of this season steeplechasing was introduced by the Greyhound Racing Association as an addition to the usual hurdle and flat races. This is a lead which should become very popular with race-goers, as it gives one more opportunity for the dogs to display their amazing intelligence, which has never failed to surprise a spectator on his first visit to the dogs.

AT the recent dinner given by the National Greyhound Racing Society, at the Savoy Hotel, enthusiastic speeches by Lord Askwith, Major-General Lord Loch, Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, and others spoke well for the success of "Gracing" in 1930, an encouraging point which was emphasised by speakers being the increase in the number of open races in the past season, and its consequent healthy effect on the sport in general, and the breeding of greyhounds in particular. Already we can trace the effect in the popularity of dogs like Bishop's Dream and Mick The Miller; the latter was sold recently for something like £2,000.

FOR those who like dancing, proposals for next season include the continuation of those little informal dances after the racing, which were so popular during the last season at the White City.

THERE are also rumours of the extension of restaurant facilities at some of the London tracks for those who are not members of the clubs. This is as yet only a rumour, but if it is put into operation it should greatly add to the attractions of dog racing for the coming season.

JUDGING from the excellent progress this form of amusement has made, especially with the fair sex, the statement that "Society is going to the Dogs" will no longer be a handle for clerics, prohibitionists, and others to use in damning the present generation.

A Happy New Year—

Will be an assured fact for you if you place a regular order for *The Bystander* with your newsagent. Among the many interesting features of *The Bystander* for 1930 will be a series of articles on some aspects of SOCIAL LIFE IN AMERICA, by

COLLINSON OWEN

Short stories by many well-known authors including:

ETHEL MANNIN URSULA BLOOM
JOHN HASTINGS TURNER STELLA BENSON
MAZO DE LA ROCHE

And a series of Reminiscent Articles by the well-known war correspondent and author,

H. HAMILTON FYFE

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

SUCCESS

by Ethel Mannin

"HAVE YOU READ ——?"
The remark is often heard at dinner—tea—and even cocktail—parties. This word of mouth publicity is the best advertising even when but few people have read the book. It is this well-known fact which is the foundation of Ethel Mannin's clever short story.

WHEN Roger Angrew first came to London from the provinces nobody had ever heard of him. He was a small, ineffectual, uninteresting young man living in a dingy Bayswater boarding-house and earning his living by teaching at a third-rate preparatory school. Nobody knew anything about him or wanted to know.

And then, suddenly, everyone was going about asking each other, "Have you read 'Red Ruins' by Roger Angrew?"

Nobody appeared to remember seeing the book advertised or noticed, but then nobody ever does know quite what it is launches a book from the obscurity of mere publication into flamboyant best-sellerism. But just as at one time everyone was going about saying "Have you seen *The Farmer's Wife?*" and now goes about saying, "Have you seen *Journey's End?*" or "Have you read "Death of a Hero'?" so everyone was saying, "Have you read 'Red Ruins'," and people who hadn't were either making mental or written notes to do so at once or were making a pose of not having done so or intending to do so, as some people did about *Chu Chin Chow* and the novel of "Jew Süss."

It began to be the fashion to be on the defensive, and make a point of announcing at parties, "I haven't read 'Red Ruins,' and what's more I don't intend to, and I don't care." It began to be absolutely necessary to get in first with the statement that you had or hadn't read the book, because inevitably you would be asked, and either you thought the book "too marvellous," or you assumed the blasé attitude and declared that you couldn't for the life of you see what all the fuss was about.

But there the fuss most certainly was. The lion-hunters were in despair because nobody seemed to know any way of getting hold of Roger Angrew; Sean O'Casey was simply not in it compared with Roger Angrew when it came to a matter of refusing to be lionised. Hostesses were desperate. And Roger Angrew went on working at his school and simply did not care. He would not part with autographed copies of his book, and when asked who was his publisher said that he really couldn't remember; his agent had looked after all the business side for him, and really he was very bored with all this fuss.

It was rumoured that copies of the first edition of "Red Ruins" were already fetching fantastic prices, and the editions sold out as fast as they came from the printers. There had never been a book success like it. It was drama; it was romance; it was little short of a miracle. It began not to work to say that you hadn't head "Red Ruins" and didn't intend to; it was like saying you had never heard of Shakespeare; you could no longer get away with it; it began to be necessary to assert that you had read the book, whether you had or not, and to be insulted if anyone suggested that you hadn't. The libraries couldn't get hold of enough copies of the book; subscribers were tired of being told that it was "on order" and "printing." People began not to bother about reading the book; one knew so much about it that it did if one just said that of course one had read it, and thought it marvellous—or couldn't understand its colossal success.

Angrew capitulated to the lion-hunters to the extent of going to a few Bloomsbury and Chelsea tea-parties. He would stand about shyly sipping China tea, which he hated, or nauseating gin and orange-juice messes called cocktails,

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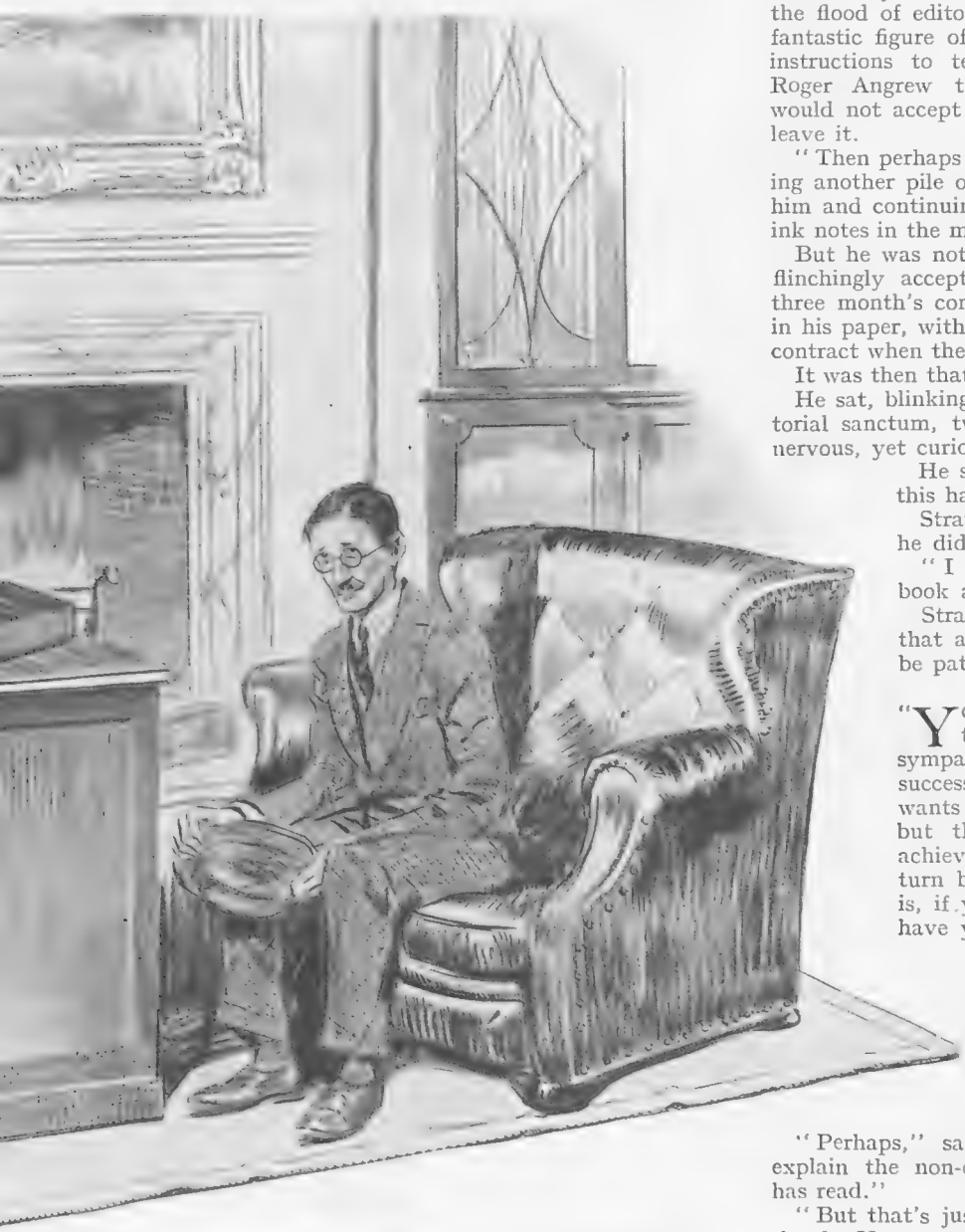
DRAWN BY ABBEY

smiling his ineffectual smile, blinking through his spectacles, being very vague about his book, and wishing he could go home.

EDITORS were another plague he had to contend with. He was asked what he thought of the Modern Woman at least three times a day; also what was wrong with the Modern Novel; whether he regarded this as the Sex Age; what he thought of the Talkies. He was asked to contribute to symposiums on Love, Marriage, and Motherhood, and invited to tell the world "What Success Means to Me," and what was his Ideal Woman.

He did his best to be helpful and to comply with all the requests; he was very conscientious and patient, and for a while his name was a ray of sunshine in every editorial office. So much so that things began to get difficult. He began not to be able to cope with all the demands made on his time. He was understood to be writing another book—"Crumbling Crimson"—and he began to show alarming signs of not caring whether the modern woman was better or worse than her grandmother, or whether there was or was not too much sex in the modern novel.

From being always so charmingly compliant he began to be downright difficult. He ceased to answer either letters or the telephone himself. He had first a secretary, and then two secretaries. The editorial situation began to be serious. Editors agreed that he had swelled head, but that didn't alter the fact that his name had a very definite market value. He could not be allowed to evade his obligations to the great British public in this way. He must be made to realise that he was no longer an individual but a social institution. He might not care a hoot about the modern women, or whether marriage was better or worse than it used to be, but he had a duty to society to fulfil. He must—editors said—be made to see that.



"You have established a tremendous success, and nothing succeeds like success, as I have told you."

IT was at this time that fantastic stories of the prices Roger Angrew was being paid for his work began to get about. John Strathers, who was the editor of a leading London daily, decided to put the thing to the test.

"There's a good deal of bluff in all this success business," he said curtly, and offered Angrew a hundred pounds for a brief article. A month later he received a terse intimation through Angrew's agent, a man called Powers, that Mr. Angrew would not dream of accepting such an offer. It was shortly after this that Angrew himself decided to stem the flood of editorial invitations by asking the impossible, fantastic figure of a hundred pounds a line. Powers had instructions to tell anyone who wanted anything from Roger Angrew that those were his terms, and that he would not accept a penny less, and they could take it or leave it.

"Then perhaps I'll be left in peace," said Angrew, drawing another pile of his pupils' examination papers towards him and continuing with the business of making neat red-ink notes in the margin.

But he was not left in peace. Strathers not merely unflinchingly accepted Angrew's terms, but offered him a three month's contract for his work to appear exclusively in his paper, with the possibility of a new and even better contract when the three months had expired.

It was then that Angrew went to see Strathers.

He sat, blinking, on the edge of a deep chair in the editorial sanctum, twiddling his shabby hat, very shy, very nervous, yet curiously determined.

He said, in his odd, jerky way, "Look here, this has got to stop."

Strathers, politely, patiently, intimated that he did not understand.

"I mean," said Angrew, "there's no such book as 'Red Ruins.'"

Strathers had long ago reached the conclusion that all authors are a little mad, so sought to be patient still.

"You mean," he said, "that you wish the whole thing could be forgotten. I sympathise with your dilemma—the price of success and all that—boring for a person who wants nothing more than to lead a quiet life; but there you are, Mr. Angrew, you have achieved a colossal success. It is too late to turn back, and you can make a fortune—that is, if you have not already made one. If you have you can double it—nothing succeeds like success, you know."

"Yes, I've noticed that. But you don't understand. I didn't write a book called 'Red Ruins.' I've never written anything. There's no such book as this they're all talking about. It was just a stunt—but I didn't mean it to get this far, I assure you."

"Perhaps," said Strathers heavily, "you had better explain the non-existence of this book which everybody has read."

"But that's just it," little Angrew said eagerly, "have they? Have *you* read it, for instance?"

Strathers said airily, "Oh, I—in my job there's no time for novel-reading. But I haven't yet met anyone who hasn't read it."

"But that's just it," Angrew insisted in his eager,

nervous manner. "Everyone is talking about it, asking each other, pretending to have read it or to be too superior to read it, but it doesn't exist, I tell you. The libraries can't get hold of it because it doesn't exist—they tell their subscribers that it's on order and reprinting because they're ashamed to admit that they can't trace a book that everyone is talking about. It doesn't seem odd to anyone that no one appears to have a copy of the book, because in this country *no* one buys books so far as one can see; everyone either gets them from the library or borrows them from someone else who has already borrowed them from someone else. It doesn't seem odd that no one knows who published the book; the general public never *does* know who publishes the books it reads. Very often it doesn't even know who writes them!"

LIGHT began to break in on the darkness of Strathers' bewilderment. "Man alive, you don't mean the whole thing is a hoax—a publicity stunt?"

"A hoax, but not a publicity stunt. I'd always wondered what it was made some books the most prodigious successes and others remain in comparative obscurity. A couple of friends of mine were talking about it in my room one night. We wondered what would happen if we all went about talking excitedly about a book that doesn't exist.

"You know how if you stop in the street and look up at the sky other people begin to do so, and then others come to see what the others are gazing at, and so on until there is a huge crowd, and nobody has the faintest idea what it's all about. Well, it's like that with books. We put it to the test. My two friends go to a lot of parties in Chelsea and Bloomsbury, and they set people talking. It spread like wildfire—as these things do. It spread out of all proportion. We had no idea the thing would catch on like this. For a little while it was fun—being asked one's views on all manner of absurd question, and being offered fantastic prices—more than I earn in a month at teaching—for absurd articles on absurd topics.

"And then it began to be all too much. We decided to let the thing die out. As you know, I refused your hundred-pound offer. I thought that that would get around and that I wouldn't be pestered any more. When I found I still was, I got Powers—he was one of my friends in on this—to circulate the news that I wouldn't write for less than a hundred pounds a line. But we had evidently under-estimated the limits of the Press. We didn't dream anyone would accept such a fantastic offer. That's why I've come to tell you—it's got to stop."

Strathers got up and paced the room.

"The thing's gone too far," he said. "It can't stop now. You've pressed a button and set in motion more machinery than you realise."

Little Angrew buried his face in his hands and shuddered convulsively at that. Strathers went on, relentlessly: "The fact that your success is based on something fictitious doesn't alter the fact that you have achieved the success. The success is real; you can't get away from it. Even if you never write another line for the Press, never express another view in public, never put your name to another symposium, the thing remains. People will go on asking each other if they've read 'Red Ruins' until they have something else to ask each other. If you chuck it all now you are a fool. You have the chance to make a fortune."

Angrew looked up, blinking. "You mean that although I've explained to you that I didn't write 'Red Ruins,' your offer still holds good?"

"Of course," Strathers snapped impatiently. "I'm not concerned with your book; if you'd written it I shouldn't have read it. It makes no difference now whether you wrote it or not. You have established a tremendous, a colossal success, and nothing succeeds like success, as I told you. If you really write a book now it will bring you a fortune. If you can't write it yourself you will be a fool if you don't get someone to do it for you. You've got the Midas touch now—success brings that."

"But I don't want it, I tell you," Angrew wailed. "I don't want anything but to be left alone. I have my own interests. I collect a little—stamps, you know, a few etchings, and I'm interested in natural science. I wouldn't know what to do with a fortune—and I hate parties. I've tried them, but I'm no good at them. This 'Red Ruins' business was just a rag that Cummings and Powers and I—they're teachers, too—cooked up between us. I can't go on with this thing—all the publicity—the limelight—I'm no good at it. What there's been of it I've hated—embarrassing—very. . . . No, no, it must all finish. There will be no contract. The Angrew business must die out. Dare say it seems strange to you—but there it is." He smiled nervously.

Strathers came to rest before his desk and touched a bell. He said drily, "Very well, then, there's nothing more to be said. I don't think you realise—but it doesn't matter. Good-day."

Angrew escaped out into the street with a sense of profound relief. Thank heaven! No more pretending; no more of those dreadful parties; no more answering of questions about the modern woman, marriage, divorce, censorship. Peace again, in which to pursue the things one really cared about. This success business would be all right but for the publicity. He wasn't, he felt, built for being a public person. He would fade away again into his comfortable Bayswater obscurity.

AND then next morning when he opened his daily paper—Strathers' paper—the first thing which met his eye was his own name in bold type, "Roger Angrew: Sensational Hoax." And there was a photograph of himself—and columns of type. . . . It was one of the most sensational journalistic scoops Fleet Street had ever known. Not a word of it had escaped to any other paper; every precious word of the astounding truth was utterly exclusive to Strathers' paper . . . and what a story it was!

Angrew had no idea that he had said so much that afternoon . . . and yet it was true; Strathers had somewhat dramatised it all, but undeniably he had kept to the truth . . . and there it all was, all about Cummings and Powers and himself, their talk in his room, and how the thing had grown . . . and the story of how he had turned down Strathers' offer, and of the stupendous counter-offer they had made him after he had issued his ultimatum of a hundred pounds a line. . . .

Angrew found himself swamped with more publicity than he had ever had before. The evening papers had their version of the story, the streets were alive with sensational posters: "'Red Ruins': Startling Revelation"; "Sensational Literary Hoax"; "Roger Angrew: Startling Confession."; the provincial papers followed suit; there were—he realised in a cold sweat of horror—still the Sunday papers to come. The telephone bell rang as it had never rung when he was merely the author of "Red Ruins"; he was invited to appear at music-halls, to speak at cinemas, to sell the story of his life in general and the hoax in particular, for fabulous sums. . . .

Poor, inoffensive little Angrew's life became intolerable to him. There seemed only one way of escape from this success and publicity business. When he went to sleep that night he ensured that he would not waken again to a life which had grown altogether too difficult for him.

He had forgotten that that would mean only added publicity. The inquest was an even greater sensation than the revelation of the "Red Ruins" hoax.

It is even possible—so inescapable is this success business once it is set in motion—that on the other side of the Styx there were posters out to announce his sensational arrival.

The coroner brought in the usual verdict of suicide during temporary insanity, because the law does not recognise such a thing as dying of an overdose of success. E. M.

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT—

No stocking is yet advertised as best in the long run.

* * *

EVENTUALLY, we imagine, television will make it possible for spectators in a modern stadium to actually see the football games.

* * *

WHAT a great many people consider to be the latest Scotch joke is the appointment of a gentleman named McNab to draft a new Prohibition enforcement programme.

PYGMALION AND GALATEA—UP TO DATE

BY LESLIE BUTLER

A MODERN SCULPTOR'S MASTERPIECE COMES TO LIFE!

FILM NOTES

One of the attractive chorus girls in "Paris," a First National Picture starring Jack Buchanan, which will be seen early in the New Year

BEING RETROSPECTIVE

By Lionel Collier

In the New Year good men's thoughts turn to resolutions, while critics become incurably restrospective. It's a habit and must be indulged. As a matter of fact, the past year in the screen's history has been something in the nature of a new birth. The talkies have arrived, and whether you want them or not they are going to stay. There is one very simple reason for this, and that is that the control of the pictorial form of entertainment is passing out of the hands of the producers into those of the electric combines, and they will see to it that our stars do not grow dumb again.

Brigitte Helm, the beautiful and clever German film actress, and Franz Lederer in "The Wonderful Lie," a very fine silent film which was shown for a short season at the Avenue Pavilion

When I write that talkies have been "born" I should have said "reborn" or resurrected, because actually the device is nearly as old as the cinematograph itself. When France and Italy were dominating the market in the early days of the film there were synchronising devices, and it was due to the language more than to anything else that they were temporarily scrapped and the silent pictures held sway.

It is certainly true to say that the standard of entertainment has deteriorated since pictures have learnt to speak, but that is mainly because the new devices have been treated as a novelty, and all the art of the camera, which has been slowly developed by D. W. Griffith, Lubitsch, Pommer, Karl Grune, Jacques Feyder, and others, has been almost scrapped.

Under these conditions it is not surprising on looking back through the pictures that have been shown during the year to find that, so far as dramatic construction and entertainment are concerned, the silent films head the list. Chief amongst these and, indeed, one of the finest pictures ever made, is "Thou Shalt Not," Jacques Feyder's brilliant adaptation of "Thérèse Raquin." This was shown at that stronghold of the silent film, and also of cinematic art, the Avenue Pavilion.

Next to this I should rank two productions by Hans Schwartz, "Homecoming," a brilliant triangle story with Lars Hanson, Dita Parlo, and Gustav Fröhlich, one of the finest young artists on the screen, and "The Wonderful Lie," with Brigitte Helm and Warwick Ward. This last was perfectly directed and a use of the camera which was little short of genius.

Then there is wonderful pictorial sweep in "Volga, Volga," a story of the famous Russian pirate Stenka Rasin, produced by V. Tourjanski. It is remarkable, too, for the brilliant acting of Hans Schlettow. I had almost forgotten "The Hungarian Rhapsody," a romance with a most convincing atmosphere and a picture which actually reproduced the musical rhythm of its title pictorially.

I have so far mentioned only German pictures, and it is a fact that up to the beginning of last year they had definitely set the standard in the art of the cinema. Talkies, of course, have altered all that, and we shall be deprived, at any rate for a time, of some

A wonderful and dramatic scene in "Volga, Volga," the story of the famous Russian pirate Stenka Rasin, produced by Tourjanski

of the most famous directors and also of the cleverest artistes.

EMIL JANNINGS, for example, is unlikely to be seen again in this country unless definitely silent cinemas come into existence. Two of his pictures this year must be classed amongst the finest produced. I refer to "Sins of the Fathers," a not too convincing bootlegger story, but remarkable for his acting, and "The Patriot," a picture that absolutely refuses to be forgotten once you have seen it. In spite of a weak and theatrical ending, it had the power to move one emotionally to an extraordinary degree. Another picture which must not be left out is "White Shadows in the South Seas," a camera triumph.

OF the talkies, one of the most interesting, I think, is "Flight," with which I propose to deal next week. It is the first not to neglect action for dialogue. One of the most pleasant is an English picture directed by Sinclair Hill from a story by Stacy Aumonier, "Dark Red Roses." This is not a greatly ambitious production, but it has the charm of English atmosphere, voice and spirit. Incidentally, I have yet to hear better recording.

OF the song and dance type, with which we are now being overwhelmed, there are three outstanding examples, "The Gold Diggers of Broadway," "The Hollywood Revue," and "Broadway Melody." The most ingenious production is the second—the first is the most entertaining.

AMONGST the dramatic offerings one of the best is indubitably the British picture "Blackmail," while "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Her Private Affair," with Ann Harding, an excellent stage artiste, "The Trespasser," Gloria Swanson's triumphant entry into the talkies, "Disraeli," George Arliss's personal tour de force, "Through Different Eyes," the most ingenious murder story to date, "The Wolf of Wall Street," George Bancroft's picture, "The Perfect Alibi," "The Greene Murder Case," and "Atlantic," are the best.

Douglas Fairbanks's "Taming of the Shrew" is in a class by itself—one of the most interesting features of the year.

In lighter vein Dolores Costello's first comedy "The Glad Rag Doll," "They Had to See Paris," with Will Rogers back on the screen, "Three Live Ghosts," and "The Cock-Eyed World" head the list. L. C.

Hans Schlettow, whose acting was so brilliant in "Volga, Volga"

THE STAGE SEEN FROM THE AUDITORIUM

Remarkable Camera Studies from the Adelphi Theatre

Ivor McLaren, Jack Hulbert, Bobbie Comber, Joan McLaren, Cicely Courtneidge and Irene Russell in "After-dinner Topics"

Ivor McLaren as the customer and Cicely Courtneidge as the clerk in the amusing Post Office sketch, "And the Next?"

Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge in "The Globe Trotters" *Sasha*

The above scenes of that popular revue, "The House that Jack Built," at the Adelphi, were taken from a back box in the circle, with the normal stage lighting, 120 feet from the stage, during the show. In the last ten years "still" photography has progressed hardly at all, while film photography has improved by leaps and bounds. Now, however, the experts are starting to get a move on with "still" photography, and the above scenes show what can be done in this respect

PARIS GOSSIP

SMALL SHIPS AND BIG SALES

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrations by KIPPA

'Sold by Boy Scouts who say 'Sank you so motch'"

HOLIDAY-TIME: Anti-tubercular stamps being sold on the streets by Boy Scouts who say, "Sank you so motch!" too adorably to cause any purchaser's anger at being answered back in English; bright, cold mornings, with the sun shining on the pale-green hoarding that hides the sad destruction of the Ambassadeurs, which is disappearing under the trees of the lower Champs Elysées, to be replaced by a music-hall; shop-windows filled with winter sports costumes, and, anticlimatically, the Salon Nautique at the Grand Palais.

UPON entering the Salon and blinking my eyes before the sweeping beacons and searchlights, I was conscious of a sinister paradox; for in the recent storms thirty-five French lighthouses failed to function. They should really order things better in France. The Salon Nautique is organised, and expenses borne, by Lucien Rosengart, the automobile manufacturer, and rival of Citroën. How these huge yachts, cruisers and hydroglisseurs were floated into the exhibition is beyond me. I had the most panicky feeling upon seeing a life-saving boat, but the girl who accompanied me said that the reproduction of the new French submarine, Le Plongeur, made her feel worse. There are sailing canoes, racing shells, speed boats, and a weird model of an air-boat that is supposed to walk across the Atlantic on movable pontoons, like an enormous insect.

"YOU are always looking for bargains," said my friend, "perhaps you can find a nice second-hand yacht." "I could not live up to a yacht," I said, "but perhaps I could exchange my last year's evening coat for this lovely single-seated shell. I would have to keep in training just to fit into it." She then pointed to a boat that was almost circular—a fishing boat, I suppose. "You've looked more like that during the past few weeks," she said cruelly.

THE tenth anniversary of "Les Six," the group of avant-garde composers, who seem a bit old-fashioned now, was celebrated by a concert at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. The Six comprise Germaine Tailleferre, Georges Auric, Louis Durey, Arthur Honegger, Darius Milhaud, and Francis Poulenc, "avec le concours de leur ami, Jean Cocteau." I think they must be very tired of having been "young composers" for so long.

Auric directed his ballet music, "Les Facheux," from the old Ballet Russe; and, although played admirably by Walter Straram's orchestra, the music seemed more self-conscious and insipid than ever. Then Francis Poulenc, who is a complete musician and a very fine pianist, played his "Aubade," a beautiful concerto for eighteen instruments, while Honegger directed, and I had my first thrill of the evening. For Durey and Milhaud I cared not at all, and never did, and I am sure that *they* don't care.

When Germaine Tailleferre played her "Concerto" the audience was enthusiastic, but I think it was because she is pretty and does not look the least bit like a musician; and I was more interested in the fact that she is the wife of Ralph Barton, the illustrator of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Honegger's "Rugby" is magnificent. "Without the least trace of anecdote or visual suggestion, he translates the impressions of the game, the fight, the force, the massivity of the players." I hope you notice the quotation marks! As during this article I may turn out to be an art and literary critic, I cannot be expected to be a music critic, too. But I do adore Honegger, and with Poulenc he is the only one of the Six who has advanced.

Cocteau, younger than ever, made a speech with his beautiful voice and diction that, a friend told me on leaving the theatre, achieved the "sublimité de niaiserie." Oh, well! the best-looking woman in the audience was the Duchesse d'Ayen, in a long black net gown under a red velvet wrap with sable floating about its caped collar.

POINCARÉ, who is shortly to leave the hospital, is going to the Riviera for a long rest, accompanied by his wife. Various known and unknown admirers have presented him with a villa, because Poincaré not only did not make use of his position as Minister of Finance to enrich himself, but almost succeeded in ruining himself financially.

"I talked shop to her to find out how much she doesn't know"

PRIMO CARNERA AND MILITARY SERVICE

International Press

The Samaritaine—one of the great people's shops on the banks of the Seine by the Pont Neuf. Apart from the picturesque clown, who tosses coloured lights into the sky, some fifteen or twenty electric signs are hung across the street between the two buildings of the Samaritaine

President Doumergue has had a talking picture machine installed at the Elysées, and the first picture to be shown will be "Le Collier de la Reine," the French film originally intended for Pola Negri, but realised by the wife of Jefferson Cohn. She is very good to look at, has a pretty voice, and wears ravishing costumes of the period, designed by Lanvin; this first Elysées performance is, of course, a native product, but the second programme will be—ha! ha! —Buster Keaton.

PRIMO CARNERA is considered unfit for military service, and guess why? Because he has varicose veins! . . . The headquarters of the Académie Goncourt is to be moved to the Hôtel Biron, one of the most perfect examples of eighteenth-century architecture in France, and now the home of the Rodin Museum. Several Montparnasse artists and writers are creating a travesty on the art-critic-merchant question, the authorities to be burlesqued being, it is said, Adolphe Basler and Ambroise Vollard. I hear that whenever a big art dealer, or even for that matter a jeweller, has too much stock on hand, he anonymously holds a sale at the Hôtel Drouot or Galerie Georges Petit, announcing that it is the collection of Monsieur Z or X. Then the wily dealer sits back and laughs his head off.

I MET a woman the other day who has gone into the antique business because she does not need the money. I talked shop to her to find out how much she doesn't know, and hoped to learn something myself. I asked her if she was going to the sale of furniture and pictures from the estate of the Comtesse Odon de Montesquiou-Fezensac, and she said instructively: "There are no important sales now, and there will not be any until February." That afternoon at about six o'clock I saw at least four people in town carrying the sale catalogue, for which I would have given my right eye, under their arms. The first session of the Montesquiou sale had taken place early that day. So that is why, I suppose, faddy antique dealers say they find the most wonderful things in odd places in the country: because they are afraid of the authentic sales in town.

THERE is a tea place in the Rue Royale with the more or less misleading name of "Chez East." Downstairs is a bookshop, then one goes up a mysterious lift to the tea-room. I had not been there in years, but was inveigled into going by three girl friends who said there was a marvellous fortune-teller at "Chez East" I was unselfish, and let them have their cards or hands read first, so by the time it was my turn the fortune-teller was exhausted, and only told me that I would receive a large package from America soon, which, considering the time of year, is not remarkable. So I was furious, because she had told the girls they were to go on long and pleasant voyages and would have dark men in their lives, and all she told me was about that package, and that I would have trouble in April—for thirty francs. In the evening I went out in a foursome, and for nothing at all one of the boys read my hand so well and told me so much, that I did not know whether to kiss him or slap his face.

BY far the best art exhibition in Paris is the International Sculpture Exposition at the Georges Bernheim Gallery. The sculpture of to-day is so far superior to the painting that perhaps the rarity of sculpture shows is responsible. This one includes Archipenko, Bourdelle, Brancusi, Despiau, Gargallo, Hernandez, Maillol, Manès, and Lipchitz, with a few experimental sketches in bronze by the late Renoir and the living Matisse. I will say this about Lipchitz: he has more German nerve! There is a plaster creation of a man and woman. I walked around it staring, trying to figure it out. Then I really blushed and blushed and blushed, and to my horror noticed three obvious art students being highly amused at my startled reactions. It was my most embarrassing moment of 1929. I hate art-students! S. L.

"By the time it was my turn the fortune-teller was exhausted"

BY JACK GREENALL

"I drank seven cocktails last night. I wonder if I did wrong?"
"Good gracious! Can't you remember?"

"Barks like a sergeant-major"

OTHER TIMES: SAME MANNERS

By

HANNEN SWAFFER

Illustrations by NORMAN KAY

THE older generation will remember Irving's strange voice, which, impressive though it was thought when I was young, would excite such derision to-day that the so-called great tragedian would be laughed off the stage. It was a sort of moaning snarl, like a wolf in torment. Ophelia drowned herself every night she heard it.

Some will remember, too, the strange manner in which Wyndham, philosophising, would, when saying such a line as "It's not worth it, my boy," run up and down the scale during a speech, becoming nasally romantic about every third word.

I CANNOT recall without amusement the way in which George Alexander, with an earnestness of feet that was almost comic, would stand still, pull himself together, shake his shoulder, and then, with his right arm shooting out its cuff, twist his mouth round on the left side of his face as though he were trying not to look like a ventriloquist. Then the big speech came.

Cyril Maude would groan.

Hare would always say "terbaccer" and look very wise, while Waller would time his smile, starting it at the top of his head.

Had Tree not been so tall, his stance would have been a perfect imitation of a teapot, for, while he would crook his left arm and bend in his left knee, he would hold out his right hand like a spout, while he spouted.

Bourchier would put his hands in and out of his pockets continually, raising them each time, and dropping them back again, like the wooden soldiers in the Chauve Souris.

I can talk about those now because their box-office attraction can no longer be harmed.

I must be tactfu' in speaking of the stars of to-day. . .

MANNERISMS are strange things. Sir Edward Hulton always used to accuse me of cultivating my slight stammer. He said it made him listen with the greatest interest for every next word. Little did he dream that, when I was a schoolboy, I suffered from a stammer so dreadful that it was a form of torture, and that which seemed to please him was the occasional remains of it.

If you see an actor or actress six times a year as, sometimes, I am forced to do, you soon begin to learn their every trick. Sometimes you know the reason.

FOR instance, there is an actor who seldom appears now, who would walk about the stage very carefully in a form of geometrical progression. The public did not know he was so blind that, all the time he was making love, he had to count his footsteps. One, two, three, "I love you." One, two, "You believe me, don't you?" One, two, three, four, "Oh, my God, my love hurts."

He knew how many footsteps to take across the stage each way. So, by a dot-and-carry-one method, he never fell into the footlights or blundered into the wings.

Another actor, brilliant in character parts, is so deaf that he cannot hear one word said by any of the other actors or actresses. He never takes his eyes off the player who is speaking, and actually lip-reads his cues.

ONE of the women is growing increasingly irritating, whether she knows it or not, by being precious in her speech. She started off, smart and full of ultra-feminine. Now, whole hordes are beginning to fear the very look of her. She has gradually become more ladylike than the Best-Dressed Woman in the World.

Another brilliant actress is developing a monotony of voice that nearly drives audiences into the next theatre; while a third always wipes her brow with her right hand and stares out into the wings as though she had suddenly seen her first moon. Meanwhile, she hunches her shoulders; even then she looks beautiful.

ONE matinée idol turns his toes in and puts his hands on his hips. Another lumbers about like an elephant and bows when he shouldn't, because he used to. One actor-manager clutches the back of a chair, darts across

"He now walks with a prison step"

"Cultivated such a confidential tone"

the stage, turns round and battles with strong winds which aren't there.

One actor with a great sense of humour varies his performance every night. "Edmund Kean to-night, old boy," he says, after the first act, whispering, "Now I'll do a bit of Phelps," before he goes on again. Of course, he never saw either of them, and does not know what they were like.

One female star battles with a Cockney accent with a staccato hardness, and sometimes wins.

ONE man, who might have reached stardom, is always giving a slow-motion representation of himself. He once saw himself on the pictures, had the film slowed down, and then copied his sepulchral dullness until he became a living tomb.

A brilliant comedienne has been so unnatural for years, such a bundle of mannerisms—indeed, her unnaturalness has become Nature itself—that she cannot think outside her tricks. She is a living artifice.

One actor barks like a sergeant-major, a rank which he would despise, while an equally well-known player draws himself up to a hop-pole height, lifts his feet high off the ground like a carriage horse and looks contemptuously on the low folk who dare to applaud.

One brilliant comedian of my acquaintance purses his lips like a whistling butcher-boy, and stares with cod-fish eyes when he does not roll them. He turns his rotundity into profoundness.

A friend of his has trained his cod-fish eyes until you know every next click, while a charming actor has become so reconciled to playing condemned men that he now walks with a prison step, chains and all, and nearly carries his own rope.

ONE musical comedy star always salutes herself with her right hand; another blinks; a third gasps with surprise and always keeps her mouth open; a fourth twitters like a finch; a fifth gurgles with joy; while a sixth screws her eyes up.

One of the best actors of to-day must learn not to walk with his hands behind his back, except that the trouble is, you know, once you start to break actors and actresses of their habits, into which some of them have grown unconsciously, they cannot do the rest of it.

For instance, if the so-called brilliant comedienne did not talk with a plum in her mouth she would not be able to afford to buy plums; while, if the clever comedy actor now in America were not allowed to go to sleep all the time he was acting he would disturb my slumber in the stalls.

THIRTY-EIGHT actors and actresses I know always look as though they ought to be saying the lines that others are declaiming; nineteen insist on standing in the middle of the stage, whereas if acting were an art they would not be allowed upon the stage at all; while 231 have cultivated such a confidential tone that they cannot be heard more than four rows of stalls away from the stage.

The public like actors of this secret-speech kind. The standard of dialogue has become so low to-day that the less you hear of it the better!

H. S.

Jim Hawkins (Robert Breed) listens to the pirates' tales of bloodcurdling adventure in a scene from "Treasure Island." This play of adventure is at the Strand Theatre again this year, where it is filling the bill at matinées

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

EX-WIVES and OTHERS

MISS NANCY MORISON Raphael

The clever young journalist whose first novel, "Dancing Shadow," was recently published by Messrs. Sampson, Low and Co. She is a direct descendant of Sir Thomas Armstrong, who was beheaded for complicity in the Rye House Plot

By Ralph Straus

I DO not expect that the late Sir Herbert Tree's suggestion for the brightening of divorce will ever receive favourable consideration—even in America, but what a charming suggestion it was! His idea, you may remember, was to have a pleasant little celebration, a nice breakfast (with or without a cake, but certainly with champagne), and two cabs instead of one, to go to the station. Also—brilliant idea—a Public Co-respondent, preferably a distinguished bachelor statesman, to lend the required dignity to the proceedings.

BUT I am afraid that even Hollywood would turn down the idea, for it seems that divorce is not quite so popular in America as it was. No, it is apparently being replaced by a much simpler (and cheaper) device. Husbands and wives who have ceased to be affinities no longer worry about going to the Courts. They just say the American equivalent of "So long, old lady" (or, of course, "old man"), divide up the furniture, and take separate apartments. He becomes what the newspapers call a clubman, and she is known as an ex-wife.

WE used to call a predecessor of hers a grass widow, but your American ex-wife of to-day is not quite her lineal descendant. I hardly know how to describe her, but after reading an anonymous novel called *Ex-Wife* (Brentanos: 7*s.* 6*d.*) I have come to the conclusion that she is more like our bachelor girl, out for a good time and determined not to be beaten by mere man in the business.

THIS book, by the way, has little enough literary merit, but I am bound to say that it is most entertaining. Years ago we should have been scandalised by its very plain speaking, but what with Lawrence and Lord Brentford pamphleteering as hard as they can about the censorship, and James Douglas telling us about all those dreadful books (of which we should probably never have heard but for his "powerful" articles), the polite world can no longer be shocked. Moreover, it is only fair to say of this singular slice of autobiography—which, I suppose, is more or less what it is—that it reads like the truth.

THE lady who tells us her story was deeply in love with her husband, but for all that she—what shall I say?—made a mistake, and in the modern way told him about it. And as he had discovered that there were other ladies in the world quite as attractive as his wife, off he went. What does she do to drown her sorrows? Following masculine precedent, she goes to wild parties and in due course becomes "ex-wife, Grade A."

WE are conveniently given a definition of Grade A. "Sex-appeal, dresses well, looks young, dances lightly, can make wise-cracks"—ought I to know what a wise-crack is?—and is self-supporting. Lets a man talk. Does not gold-dig, except for another round of liqueurs after dinner. Never passes out or gets raucous, or gets sick. Not susceptible to the "I want you, I want you, I want you" attitude, but likely to succumb to "pity me, my life is lonely"—once with any man.

"RAUCOUS" strikes me as peculiar, but perhaps in America it has a particular meaning. (I must really go to a talkie to learn the language.) I can assure you that this Grade A lady is not my idea of a raucous female; on the contrary she is definitely likeable, and her story is not only dramatic, but in places really moving. Thirty years ago it would have created a great sensation, but to-day—at any rate in this country—I have seen little enough mention of it. Yet the book is worth reading, and not only for its story. These things happen, and not only in New York, and this seems to me to be an authentic record.

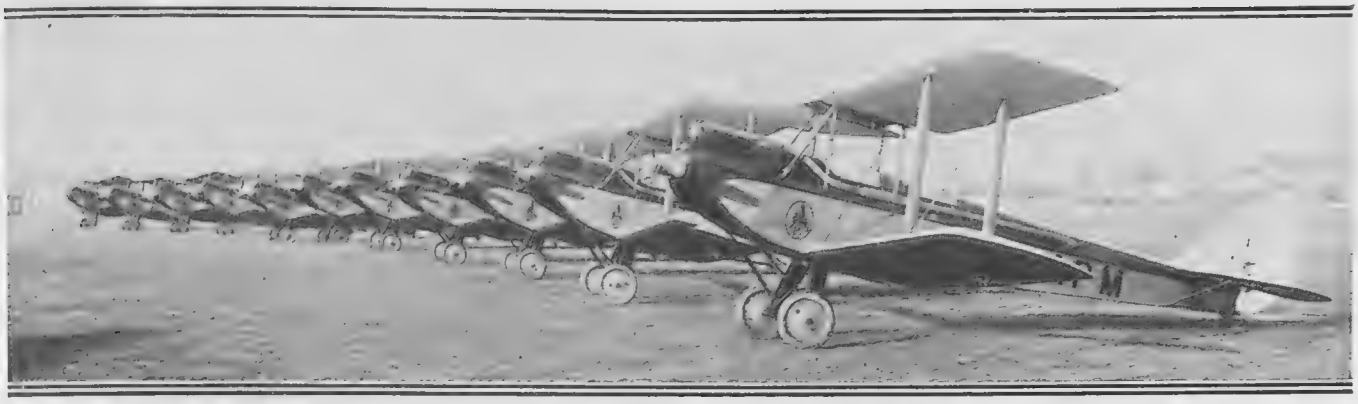
THE ex-wife has her good time, and falls out of love with her husband (who is constantly and most improperly paying her visits) and falls in love again, this time with a married man, and after some unhappiness settles down for the second time into comparative respectability. And she deserves more or less what she gets. This is also true of another young woman who distributes her favours, as they used to say, with almost equal impartiality. But whereas Patricia of New York is rather a dear, the Mary French whose history Mr. Stanley Ford tells us in *Once in Mayfair* (Jarrolds: 7*s.* 6*d.*) has little but her beauty to recommend her.

MARY had had a wretched childhood in the slums, where they use their belts to beat you, but she is taken up first by a bootmaker in Knightsbridge, and then in Mayfair by a rich doctor who drinks. She is mildly in love with the young man whom she ultimately marries, but she is also attracted by the doctor's brutal valet, who belongs (and is never tired of telling her so) to her own class. For a while she enjoys the glitter and tinsel of things, but she does not belong to Mayfair, and never could, and she ends more or less as she began.

THIS is a queer book. It reads as though it had been written some years ago. Its story is not particularly original, and certainly not over-joyful. Yet, like *Ex-Wife*, it reads like the truth. Elderly fools with too much money and no work to do, do become infatuated in this way, and they do allow their valets to obtain great influence over them. Pretty girls, too, migrating to Mayfair, have been known to do more or less what this Mary does before sinking into blowsy old age very far from their former haunts. There is also a simple directness about Mr. Ford's writing which stands him in good stead. But I believe that he could write a much better story if he liked.

The fact that *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage* for 1930 is now in its 217th year speaks literally volumes for its popularity and for its reputation as a reliable and comprehensive book of reference. Mr. Arthur G. M. Hesilrige, who edits "Debrett," has once again done his work admirably, and this invaluable volume, which is published by Messrs. Dean and Son, Ltd., of Debrett House, 29, King Street, Covent Garden, is assured of a warm welcome.

FLYING NOTES



Part of the N.F.S. Fleet on parade. The eleven 'planes seen are all Cirrus Moths

NEW FEATURES FOR 1930 By Capt. C. E. Ward

A Gliding Club

THE Royal Aeronautical Society is interesting itself in the formation of a gliding club for the London district, and in the meantime there is a prospect that branches will be started at Northampton, Taunton, and Lympne. An important lecture will be given before the Society in February by the leading German authorities. The Hampshire Light 'Plane Club at Hamble has already enrolled forty members, who are starting their own branch, and a glider is being built to the designs of Mr. R. S. Dickson. There are many budding designers with new ideas for whom the revival of the gliding movement is a godsend. Similarly, it will be a boon to people who are keen to become pilots, but lack the money to learn at a club on power-driven aircraft, which also entails regular flying to keep in practice.

A view of Hanworth Park, the headquarters of the National Flying Services. It numbers nearly eight hundred members

"Sales and Service"

THE interests of the private owner or the prospective owner visiting Hanworth Park are now in the hands of Flying Officer Dudley Page, who has been placed in charge of a separate branch of N.F.S. dealing with "sales and service." Twenty lock-ups have been built, and there is now a large hangar on the North aerodrome reserved for private machines. A maintenance service has been initiated, with qualified ground engineers available for regular customers and casuals, so that refuelling, minor adjustments, or a wash and polish can be booked in the same way as for a car. Looking down an N.F.S. list of some twenty second-hand machines, the majority seemed to be Moths, with a few Avros, type 504 K. There were two S.E.5s, quite a good mount for the private owner who has put in more than a hundred hours in the air, and a Beardmore "Wee Bee," said to have won several prizes. A Supermarine "Sea Eagle" flying boat, to seat eight, with Napier "Lion," is available for £1,000. The majority of second-hand machines are sold with a current Certificate of Airworthiness, the equivalent to an official guarantee.

Those Moths Again!

FIRST and second places in the first air race ever held in Mexico were won by Gipsy Moths. American aircraft manufacturers are accustomed to regard Mexico—in fact, all Latin-American countries—as their own particular market, but when there's a race on they always seem to forget those Moths. A well-known London store included a Gipsy Moth in its seasonal display, proposing to treat it rather like a big Christmas tree, something which occupies valuable space but attracts attention even if it is never sold. The Moth had scarcely unfolded its wings when it caught the eye of Sir Hugh Clifford, who remembered it as the same type used by the Singapore Flying Club when he was Governor of the Straits Settlements, and promptly bought it, arranging a course of instruction at Stag Lane. Needless to say, the said store was supplied with another machine, again on sale or return. People have been complaining about the high charges at Budapest, so perhaps the following extract from the *Architects Journal* may be of interest: "If by any chance you are taking the Moth over to Central Europe, it will now cost you less to garage it for the night at Budapest—Unfolded 3/9, Folded 2/4." It's cheaper than garaging a large car.

The First Arctic Air Mail

A PLACE called Aklavik, on the beat of a few explorers and trappers, 130 miles within the Arctic Circle, has suddenly achieved publicity because three Bellanca monoplanes are delivering the first air mail. It's quite beside the point to record that this mail for the capital of Eskimoland consists of a case of apples from France, together with 120,000 letters sent by philatelists to an agent for the sake of the stamps, and that quite probably Aklavik has never previously received a mail of any kind. The importance of the event is twofold. In the first place, residence in the Arctic regions need not mean that one is cut off from one's friends for years at a time. With wireless and aeroplanes, the ends of the earth may become holiday resorts. Commander Byrd, who is exploring in the Antarctic, and broadcasting chatty messages every day, is now awaiting the arrival of Sir Hubert Wilkins, who will probably fly across the South Pole to dine with his friendly rival. Of even greater importance is the fact that Polar exploration by air will help to solve the traffic problem of the future. At present everyone goes round the world in order to get to some place on the other side of it, whereas the shortest route may be over the Pole.

SHOOTING NOTES

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA

By "Clodhopper"

Alfieri

Lord Scarsdale crossing a lake on his way to an island butt during the wild duck shoot which he organised. It was held on his estate at Kedleston, Derby

THE Christmas or the New Year's present of many a keen schoolboy sportsman took the form of a 20-, 16-, or a light 12-bore gun—as the case might be—the proud and youthful recipient of which will already have "bagged his first hedgerow-pheasant, hare, rabbit, wood pigeon, fieldfare, or whatever particular species of furred or feathered "game" his maiden trophy happened to be. To my idea, however, no youngster should be allowed to take a loaded gun (I use the word "loaded" advisedly) into the field if only to "pot" at fieldfares or redwings, or to walk up rabbits in a patch of rough ground-cover, until such time as he has been thoroughly drilled into handling and carrying a gun with perfect safety to himself and to his neighbours.

IN fact, I have no hesitation in stating that, personally, I consider it but little short of criminality on the part of a parent or guardian to allow an inexperienced and irresponsible tyro to even touch a loaded gun until the latter has received—and thoroughly mastered—at the hands of a very careful and practical sportsman, the most important element of a shooter's education, the safe and proper manner in which to handle and use a sporting-gun. The art of aiming and what might, perchance, be described as "the more interesting and picturesque side of the youthful sportsman's training," is of quite a secondary consideration, in my opinion, and—if he be of the right stamp—he will in due course develop the rest of the essentials of good sportsmanship in the shooting-field, namely, unjealous behaviour, courtesy and consideration towards his fellow-guns, keepers, loaders, beaters, et hoc—the art of killing his game clean and not mauling it; last, but by no means least, an intimate knowledge of the habits and haunts of Nature's furred and feathered subjects, sans which no man, be he never so good a shot, may claim to be a true sportsman.

DID space permit, it would be an easy matter to write at considerable length upon "Do's and Don'ts" for neophytes in the shooting-field. But, unfortunately, the space allocated to these Notes is limited, and I can, therefore, only suggest that the few following recognised "Don'ts" might well be noted by tyro shooters: Don't load your gun before looking through the barrels to see that they are clear; don't point the muzzle of your gun at a fellow-shooter, a loader, a keeper, a beater, a dog, or, indeed, at anything with the exception of Mother Earth or the sky; don't cross gates and stiles, creep through hedge-gaps, jump ditches or dykes, prop your gun against a tree, gate-post, hedgerow, or bank, or place it on the ground without drawing the cartridges. Many serious and not a few fatal accidents have been caused by gross carelessness, or, rather, crass laziness of this kind in the field. Briefly, hackneyed though the phrase may be, "Safety First" is one which should be borne in mind by the sire of every "budding" shooter of to-day, and more especially by the "budding" shooter himself.

Sport and General

Mr. R. R. Kelland's Cocker Spaniel, Noble Nippy, retrieving a pheasant at the Cocker Spaniel Club's Field Trials at Shardeloes, near Amersham. It was the winner of the third prize in the Open Stake

WILL any readers of these Notes who may happen to shoot any woodcock during the remaining period of the shooting season carefully examine the legs of every bird to see if either leg carries an identification ring? Among other enthusiastic naturalist sportsmen, the Hon. Ernest Guinness marked a large number of young woodcock which, during last spring, were bred on his Ashford estate, Cong, Co. Galway. The rings are marked "G. Cong. 29 Ireland." Mr. Guinness will be grateful if anyone into whose possession such 'cock may come will communicate with him at Ashford, upon which famous West of Ireland sporting estate, by the way, many record bags of woodcock have been shot.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

SHOOTING PROPAGANDA

IN making a few suggestions regarding an annual dinner given to keepers, beaters, stops and everybody else on whom the welfare of a shoot depends I stressed the need to establish a jovial atmosphere as soon as possible. Speeches should be long, the reason being that country dwellers have much time for reading and thinking, yet for want of explanation are perplexed by the general attitude towards wealth, which to them is the fountain of all that is genial in life. Shooting shares with the other pursuits of country life and residence the credit for distributing money in districts which would be penurious indeed if they depended on commercially run farming. Almost a taint is cast on money spent by the capitalist classes. Yet to country folk it is as sweet as any other and the conditions of earning it usually more pleasant. So long as business enterprise, whether at home or elsewhere, brings its reward the spending of it in pursuit of sport, pleasant residential conditions, estate management, agriculture and leadership in local functions is all to the good in the practical sense that appeals to wage earners. These things repay detailed explanation. Politics need not be brought in. But a shooting celebration does bring home many deep-seated truths—the pleasure gained, the concurrent satisfaction of knowing that many benefits have been conferred in choosing that particular recreation as distinguished from others, equally expensive, which fail to circulate money where at any rate it is very welcome.

THE WORTHINGTON KENNEL CLUB

meeting on Sunday morning at the "Five Bells"

The boss keeps Nelson behind the bar when the house is open. Says he's as sweet-natured as a little child; but the way nervous strangers jump when they catch sight of him hurts his feelings. Once, when a race tough started making trouble, boss opened the flap and murmured: "England expects—." Before he got to "dooty," Nelson had boarded the enemy and hauled down most of his rigging. Quiet dog, as a rule. Snores. When somebody says: "Well, who's for a Worthington?" Nelson goes on snoring. There's nothing else quite like him in our village.

Fashions Fancies

Lenare

A CLEVER ADAPTATION OF THE PRINCESS GOWN

To the majority of women the Princess line is only becoming when it is skilfully modified. In this heavy black marocain frock from Woolland Bros., which is slightly bloused at the waist, the sheath which moulds the figure to the knee in front is softened at the back by a loosely tied sash and a flared frill that springs from the sides

WHERE MEN GATHER!

their views on every subject are individual and lively on the latest topics; but some things are settled beyond discussion, and one of these is that the soda water which enlivens so many other liquids must be

"Schweppe"

THE ORIGINAL

SODA WATER

Also order SCHWEPPES GINGER ALE, GINGER BEER, TONIC WATER, LEMON SQUASH, ORANGE SQUASH, Etc

"SALE-ING" ADVENTURES

By Olive Caley Smith

A navy blue stockinette jumper suit, banded with red and grey, and a charming Milanese frock from Harvey Nichols

Useful Dresses

CERTAIN things there are which women who sustain a reputation for dressing well on a limited income always buy during the sales. Stockings, gloves, and lingerie rank high among these, with dresses and coats, so long as they are skilfully chosen, as the crowning achievements. Sketched at the head of this page are two models which can really be regarded as a sound choice. On the left is a navy blue stockinette jumper suit decorated with bold grey and red bands. It is an example of the many delightful ones that have been reduced from 10 guineas to 5 guineas during the sale which is now in progress at Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge. The second dress is of heavy Milanese, and is among those which are now available for 8½ guineas.

A Treasure Trove

UNTIL the 25th of January great reductions will be made in every department at Harvey Nichols. For instance, silk and wool jumpers, with matching cardigans, cost 21*s.* each. Washing satin nightdresses are priced at 29*s.* 6*d.*, flowered crêpe nightdresses, with matching coatees, are available for 30*s.* the set, while oddments in lawn chemises and knickers are reduced from 10*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* each. Evening gowns for 98*s.* 6*d.* instead of 12½ guineas, and model evening cloaks for 10½ guineas instead of 25 guineas are worthy of treasure seekers.

Tailored Suits are Chic

FASHIONS may come and fashions go, but tailor-made suits remain forever in favour. Sketched at the foot of this page is an irreproachable one from Smee, of 55, South Molton Street, who has built it of soft brown tweed. He makes a speciality of such suits in a very wide range of fabrics for the extremely low price of 6 guineas, made to measure. He also excels in travelling coats and luxurious fur-trimmed wraps.

Bargains for Everybody

ORIGINAL model suits costing 50 and 60 guineas may be procured for 25 guineas at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, whose sale is now in progress, and will continue until January 25. Charming velvet frocks cost only 98*s.* 6*d.*, while printed satin ones are available for 94*s.* 6*d.* English quilted Japanese silk dressing-gowns for 35*s.* 9*d.*, long-sleeved nightdresses in floral crêpe de Chine for 37*s.* 6*d.*, and nun's-veiling pyjamas for 16*s.* 6*d.*, are other outstanding attractions, while bargains in model hats, handbags, and household accessories hold promise of adventure.

Sumptuous Furs

THIS season nobody can have too many evening dresses. During the sale at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, which commences on January 6 and lasts for a fortnight, many beautiful models are being substantially reduced in price. In the inexpensive gown department tweed dresses will be available for 69*s.* 6*d.* instead of 6½ guineas, while among the tea gowns are crêpe de Chine frocks priced at 39*s.* 6*d.* There will be lace wool bedjackets for 12*s.* 6*d.*, crêpe de Chine blouses for 29*s.* 6*d.*, soft Mocca finish skin gloves, lined with wool and trimmed with fur, for 7*s.* 11*d.*, and plain crêpe de chine dresses with long wool georgette coats lined to match, reduced from 14 guineas to 8½ guineas. All furs will be offered at bargain prices.

Replenishing Wardrobes

AT Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, whose sale continues throughout January, the entire stock of models in the extended millinery showrooms will be cleared at drastically reduced prices. Pure silk stockings suitable for really hard wear cost only 5*s.* a pair, while washable doeskin, suède, or fleecy lined rarra sac gloves trimmed with real beaver, are available for 4*s.* 11*d.* The departments devoted to dress materials, children's clothes, and baby linen present golden opportunities to the wise shopper.

Invest in Linen

FROM December 30 until the end of January splendid bargains in pure Irish linen, and all household linens, will be available at Walpole Bros., of 89, New Bond Street, 108, Kensington High Street, and 175, Sloane Street. For instance, there is a 25 per cent. reduction on one lot of hemstitched Irish linen sheets, and a 33⅓ per cent. reduction on certain pure Irish linen double damask tablecloths and napkins. Delightful dresses, jumpers and lingerie, are also offered at very advantageous prices. A catalogue will be sent free on request.

A single-breasted suit of soft brown tweed, which has been admirably tailored by Smee

BY VERNON WARD

ONE EXCUSE AS GOOD AS ANOTHER

FAIRY TALES

BY JEFFRYES

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

THE GOURMET — Conducted by EMILIA

Souper

LOBSTER CUTLETS.

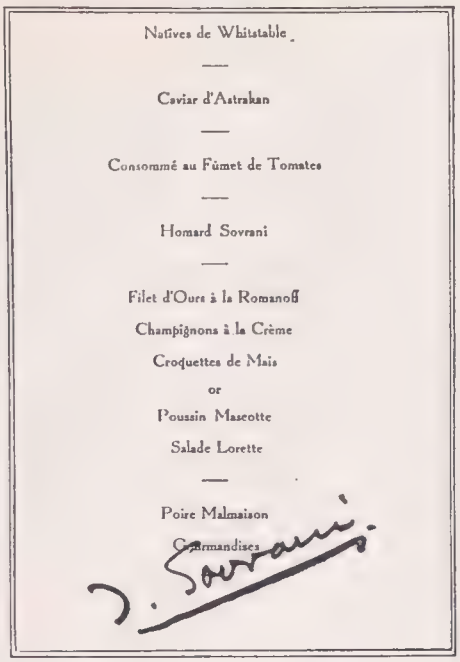
MOUSSE OF HAM
WITH
NEW ZEALAND SALAD.

BANANA COMPÔTE.

CAFÉ.

Lobster Cutlets

REMOVE all the flesh from a lobster and cut it up into small pieces. Take the coral from the lobster, dry it, and pound it in a mortar with 1 oz. of butter, then pass it through a hair sieve. Put 1 oz. of flour and ½ oz. of butter into a stewpan and mix them well over the fire; add one gill of water and boil well. Then put in the coral butter, one tablespoonful of cream, a little salt and cayenne. Mix well, then add the lobster and turn all out on a plate to cool; shape into cutlets, egg and breadcrumb each, and fry in plenty of fat. Have some good aspic jelly, and when nearly cold mask each cutlet with it. Let them get cold; dish them in a circle and serve in the centre of a macédoine of vegetables in mayonnaise sauce.


Natives de Whitstable

—

Caviar d'Astrakan

—

Consommé au Fûmet de Tomates

—

Homard Sovrani

—

Filet d'Ours à la Romanoff

Champignons à la Crème

Croquettes de Maïs

or

Poussin Mascotte

Salade Lorette

—

Poire Malmaison

Gourmandises

D. Sovrani

The menu of the dinner served at Sovrani's, in Bury Street, St. James's, to commemorate the second anniversary of this popular restaurant. The chef-d'œuvre of the dinner was Russian bear

Mousse of Ham

POUND 4 ozs. of lean veal in a mortar and when smooth add about ½ lb. of cooked ham and pound this also. Add the yolks of three eggs and a small cupful of white sauce. When well mixed, rub the mixture through a fine sieve and add half a gill of cream and the well-beaten whites of two eggs. Put this mixture in a buttered mould and steam for about an hour. Turn on to a hot dish and pour over a well-flavoured brown sauce.

New Zealand Salad

TAKE 1 lb. of New Zealand apples, remove the tops and hollow out. Stuff the apple cups with the filling (for directions see below). Cover tops with mustard and cress or curled celery. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Filling.—4 ozs. of cooked beetroot, 4 ozs. of diced cooked carrot, 6 ozs. of cooked peas, and some chopped apple. Mix the ingredients with salad dressing prepared as below.

Dressing.—1 hard-boiled yolk, 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, 3 tablespoonfuls of cream or olive oil, salt, pepper, sugar and mustard to flavour.

Mix the hard-boiled yolk and flavourings. Add a little vinegar and mix till smooth. Add the remaining vinegar. Gradually stir in the cream or oil (thin down with milk if desired).

[*The above recipe is issued by the Empire Marketing Board.*]

Banana Compôte

SLICE three or four ripe bananas into a glass dish, sprinkle with a little castor sugar, a few drops of lemon-juice and a few drops of brandy. Set in a cool place till wanted.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY AT BRIDGE

IV—The Original Bid and its Safety Valve By "Aces Easy"

I SPOKE last week of a book by R. Jones Bateman which recommended a suit call on hands bid nine times out of ten at No Trump. Such a hand as: S. 4, 3, 2; H. 5, 4, 3, 2; D. A, J, 10; C. A, K, 2; is given as a justifiable Heart call. I suppose the majority would toss up between a Club, a No Trump, and a No Bid, with odds on the Club. In expert practice, the Heart will rarely come to any harm, save when the opponents get the contract and it is (this hand being South) North's lead. Sidney Lenz gives a "One Diamond" call on S. A, H, Q, x; D. 10, x, x, x, x, x; C. A, J, x, x, which was also bid as a No Trump. On the former call it lost the game; on the latter (ably assisted by the opposition) it won it. As Mr. Lenz bid the No Trump, and Mr. Lenz (whom I met in New York) is the most amusing writer and one of the greatest experts on bridge of all kinds that has ever existed, I voice my dissent from his call with considerable trepidation; but is there not something to be said for a Club call?

I MYSELF should have decidedly called a Diamond, but, as Mr. Lenz remarks (when this call had induced an unprofitable lead and lost the game) it is amazing how often "Topless" bids have this effect! But a Club is a bid *with* "Tops"; *with* four cards; *with* outside tricks; *with* a secondary bid in reserve. The No Trumper has weakness in the long suit and weakness in distribution. For a singleton is death, a weak doubleton a mortal wound, to a No Trumper; and chicane simply legislates sans à tout out of the realms of possibility among good players.

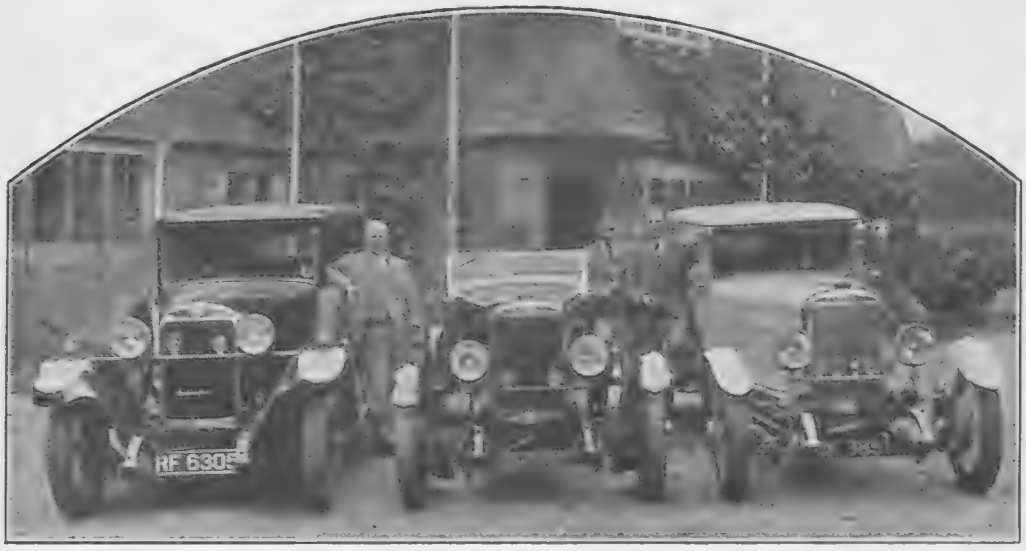
TO revert to the advantage of a suit call, even on a weak suit. It is an accepted fact that the best defence to a No Trumper is to pass: to a suit call to bid. Consequently, they will not lie low against "One Spade" on a solid suit or a semi-solid suit; but against a No Trumper? WOW! You will get all the bidding you want if you open with a suit—from East if not from West, who may have it "cold." But the call *must* have its safety valve. And this is the weakness rescue. I know I am treading on dangerous ground here, for modern practice in England (to judge by the writers) has set its face resolutely against such denials. But the "weakness bid" demands a weakness take-out, and it does not need a great deal of skill to read if the take-out is strong or weak.

MR. JONES BATEMAN, for example, suggests that on S. A, K, Q, J, 10, 9; H. —; D. K, 9, 8, 7, 6; C. 8, 4; one should take out partner's Heart into Spades. No one with the bridge sense of the common or garden slug will question this; and if partner return to Hearts, Spades will be rebid to at least three. But it seems a little illogical to admit an original bid on weak trumps and then deny a denial on weakness. The great idea is to get a hand to fit. Surely, if I call a Heart on S. A, K, x; H. x, x, x, x; D. A, x, x, x; C. x, x; and my partner calls a Spade on a single Heart and five Spades to the Jack, we shall be better off. If he calls Diamonds we shall be better off. If he call Clubs, then *I shall go Diamonds.* If I have real No Trump distribution (4-3-3-3) I shall leave him in, no matter what he calls, unless I have such strength that his call enables me to call sans à tout without further ado.

MOTOR NOTES

1930—In the Lap of the Politicians

By E. M. Wright



A family fleet of Sunbeams. A 20 h.p. and two three-litre models owned by Mr. H. Scott Jones, of Sutton Coldfield, and his two sons

RING out the old, ring in the new. However gloomy the prospect on December 31, we are all of us ready to take a more cheerful view of the situation on January 1. In so far as motoring is concerned there is perhaps more ground than usual for New Year optimism, but that optimism must be tempered with a mighty IF. Three factors enter into our calculations. First of all there is reform of the law; secondly, improvement of the roads, and lastly, improvement of the cars themselves—a pretty reflection on the state of affairs in this country. We are so handicapped by legal restrictions and out-of-date and inadequate roads that the enjoyment of motoring does not depend nearly so much upon our cars as upon what ought to be quite subsidiary factors.

***

THIS year should see the removal of some of the more obvious of our legal grievances, for the long-promised Road Traffic Bill has at last come before Parliament. Though none may predict its fate, there is, as I write, a chance that it will be law within the next few months. We may probably hope to have the new law—or parts of it—in operation by the summer. At long last the ridiculous speed limit of 20 m.p.h. is to go. For private motor cars there will be no speed limit at all. But the Bill does not by any means usher in the Millennium. The clauses defining dangerous driving and a new offence, "careless driving," at any rate in their present form, give the police even wider powers than they now enjoy, while the penalties are vastly increased.

***

INDEED, the motorist who contemplates passing through Romsey or some other plague spot would do well to inform himself as to what the local police consider dangerous or careless. Speeds of 25, 30, 40, or even 50 miles an hour will not in themselves constitute an offence; but if by any chance the local constable should consider a bare 15 m.p.h. on an open road either careless or dangerous, you are liable to be so severely dealt with that in the bitterness of your heart you will wish the old law back again with all its anomalies. It will depend on the police how the law will work in practice. Put not your faith in princes nor, I fear, over much in policemen where motoring is concerned.

***

THE introduction of compulsory third-party insurance is probably very desirable, but it remains to be seen how it is going to affect our premiums, and it involves carrying yet another licence. Indeed, this is *not* the Millennium, and before we wave our hats in the air and congratulate ourselves upon a Happy New Year let us, in the manner of a famous statesman, "wait and see."

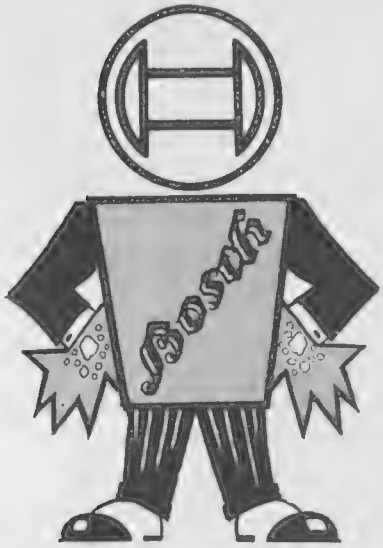
***

SO much for the law. Let us turn to roads and examine the prospects there. Quite candidly even on New Year's Day they do not appear to me to be particularly rosy. The Welsh Wizard, who is very often better at explaining what he would do than what can actually be done, has created quite a vogue for road talk—but talk it has most of it remained. Vast schemes have been evolved—on paper—and news journalists have juggled with their usual facility in millions of money. But the schemes have not materialised, and the millions are still as hard to get as the winning ticket in the Calcutta Sweep.

***

IN terms of actual road construction 1930 will probably be much like any other year. Very little, if any, more road work has been undertaken and very few actually new schemes embarked upon. Many of the so-called "new" schemes are merely old ones revived. The resumption of work on the Western Avenue, past Greenford, is a case in point. It is part of a scheme drawn up years ago, and the best that can be said of it is that it completes a programme which should never have been postponed.

The popular 13·30 h.p. four-cylinder Citroën in festive guise. This attractive saloon sells at £255



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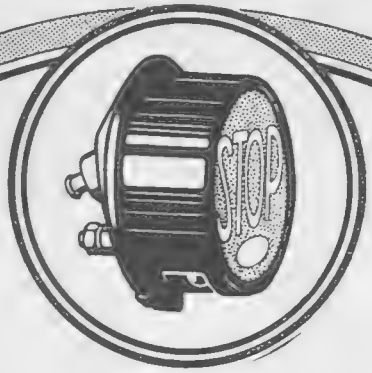

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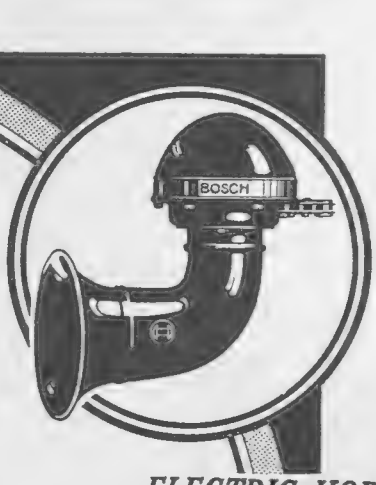

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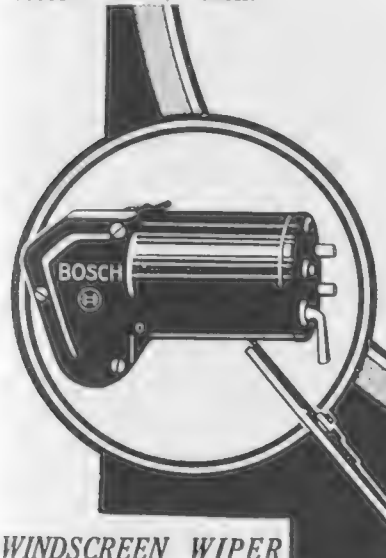

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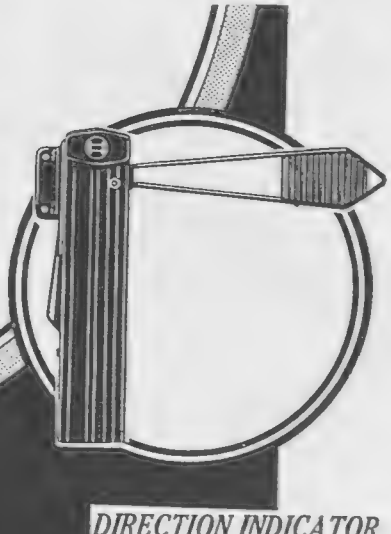

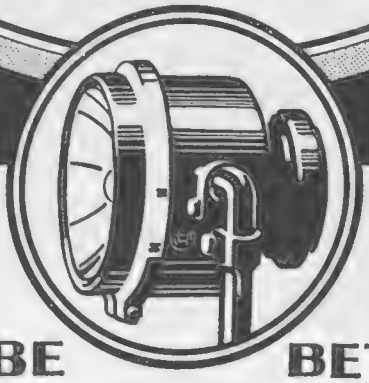

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DOGS

Photopress

Mrs. Staines, the well-known breeder of St. Bernards. She is seen with four of her thoroughbred dogs at her kennels, Hook Farm, Leigh, Surrey

A WOMAN, A DOG, AND—NOW SEE!

By "THE KENNELMAN"

We are still pretty backward in learning their language, but there's no doubt the Dogs of Britain wish us all a happy New Year.

The Christmas Numbers of the weekly journals, *Our Dogs* and *The Dog World*, are wonderful productions. As a correspondent points out: "You cannot possibly look through the three to four hundred pages of *Our Dogs*, with their many hundreds of Dog portraits, and remain in any doubt as to who is man's 'First Friend' among the animals. No other animal has ever inspired the universal human interest required for such triumphs as this—cramful of romance, and yet a veritable encyclopædia." High praise, but really earned. These Christmas Numbers *are* amazing tributes to the universality of Britain's affectionate interest in Dogs.

The historical value of some of the specialist articles makes these journals permanent works of reference. The veteran Mr. Theo. Marples, F.Z.S., handles with distinction in *Our Dogs* the part played by modern women in that progress which has placed British Dogs ahead of all others. The history of Dog Shows and of the Kennel Club goes back no more than some seventy years, and from the very outset women figure in it as keen and knowledgeable owners, breeders and trainers of Hounds and other big fellows. In 1859 the name of Miss Dawes figures in the K.C. Stud Book as an exhibitor of Bloodhounds and Deerhounds. Between '59 and '74 Lady Baird, the Countess of Cardigan, the Countess of Aylesford, Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Barr, Miss Aglionby, Miss Hales, Miss Barrett, Mrs. Rawlins and Mrs. Arkwright were exhibiting Mastiffs and Pointers, among other breeds. Mrs. Arkwright was running Pointers at the Field Trials in 1866; and there was a lady judge, Miss Holdsworth, at the Scarborough Show in 1887. Mr. Marples records that Mrs. Humphries, who exhibited Bloodhounds at Birkenhead, was refused admittance because she had forgotten her tickets; whereupon she promptly knocked down the gatekeeper and marched in with her three Bloodhounds. It is added that: "She was a lady of fine physique." More power to her! It was in the 'nineties that the Ladies' Kennel Association came into being, and now, so remarkable has its growth been, its big Show at Olympia attracts between four and five thousand entries.

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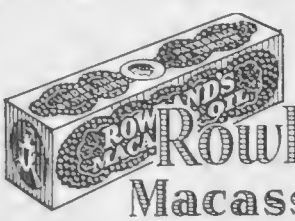

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Show of Hunters

The prize list of the 44th Show of Hunters, to be held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, London (under the Presidency of the Earl of Harewood), is now available from the newly-appointed secretary—Mr. F. H. Badge, of 12, Hanover Square, London. Separate classes are offered for hunter yearling two-, three- and four-year-olds, with a produce class for groups of three animals under three years old by the same sire. In the riding classes the only alteration from previous shows is that the ages are restricted to five and not more than eight, and the four-year-olds must now be shown in hand. The usual jumping classes on each afternoon are available, and the War Office are again holding on the Tuesday and Wednesday their show of Thoroughbred Stallions, competing for King's and Super Premiums.

Charles Letts's Diaries

Charles Letts has again catered for every taste in Diaries, and this year's series includes diaries for gardeners, schoolboys and girls, Scouts, Girl Guides, and a special Mayfair Diary which fits into dress clothes pockets. They contain notes on all subjects from wireless to housewifery, as well as the usual insurance coupon, which has been doubled in value this year. These charming leather-covered diaries are excellent to receive and suitable to give as presents.

The Little Lamp

In the heart of theatreland, where all is gay and tyranny seems afar off, stands a building with a single lamp which peeps through the mist. It is the lamp of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children offices. It shines from dusk to dawn, and the door beneath it is an ever-open one. If you are ever in Leicester Square and have a few leisure moments pass through this door, and you will be told some strange and seemingly unreal tales of the cruelty and suffering endured by child life in our civilised land. You will be told of tiny mites who have been found with lacerated and bruised limbs, whose only idea of the English language is foul words and expressions. The N.S.P.C.C. is the children's champion. Its work, alas! lies not only in the poorer quarters of our great cities, but in some of the better-class neighbourhoods as well. Drink is a frequent cause of this brutality to children—drink, bad company, and a numbed mind. The N.S.P.C.C. makes a child's life worth living. It rescues the child, mothers it, and ensures that it is clothed and fed. It seems incredible that a country such as ours should need a society of this description, but even to-day the need for its work is being demonstrated daily; no fewer than 1,958 cases were dealt with last year. Your help to stop the suffering caused to little children by vice, and often ignorance, is needed urgently, and a gift will be welcomed by Mr. William J. Elliott, Director, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

FLANDERS POPPIES IN PERU

Mr. J. L. Murgatroyd, the organiser of the first Armistice Day sale of Poppies on behalf of the British Legion in Arequipa. With him are Miss Stordy, Miss Roden and Miss Wallace

For the first time, Poppies were sold on behalf on the British Legion last Armistice Day at Arequipa in Southern Peru. Above are seen three helpers, the Misses Roden, Stordy and Wallace. The Austin car is the only one in that part of Peru

JUAN-LES-PINS
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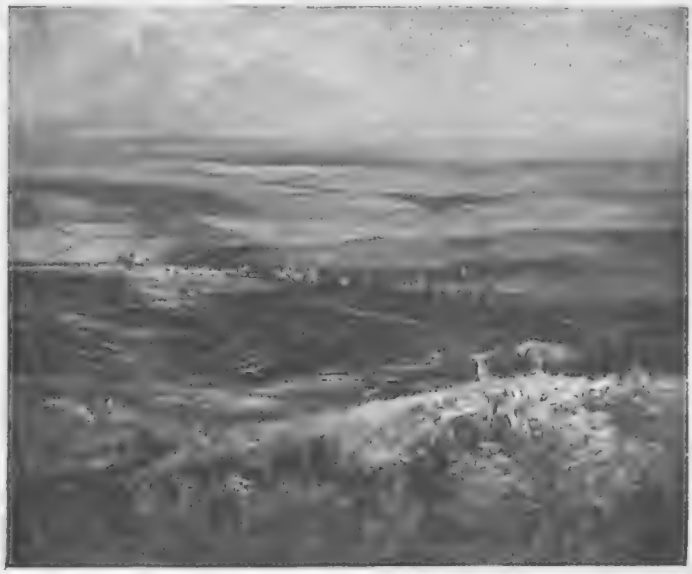

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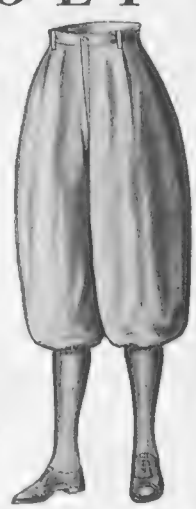

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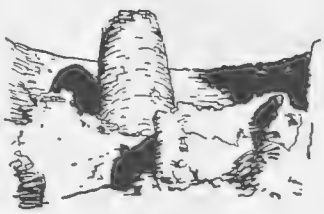

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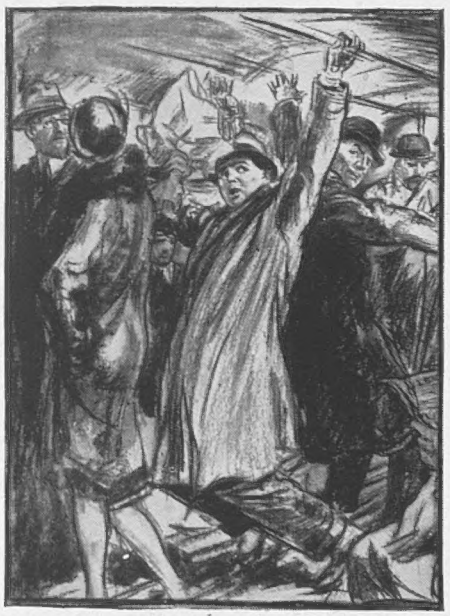
"I go to pay my compliments to Madame Balbi. It is her fête day."

"I, too," said the other . . . .

They strolled to the apartment side by side—Champeroux elegant with a slim umbrella, and Gosselin stiffly guarding the bouquet.

"Ah, how good you are! It is delicious. But it is ravishing!" cried the lady, in tones of extreme surprise, when the pair had kissed her hand and congratulated her.

To Champeroux's discomfiture, however, she made no mention of a basket of expensive roses . . . .



"Halgiers?" repeated Mr. Montgomery, the First Officer, rising to the bait. "And wot, may I arsk, is so fatal about Halgiers?"

"Weel," explained Mr. Glencannon, "as some of you know, Captain Ball and gentlemen, I've always been a great one for lummericks—silly veerses o' poesy like, for instance, the one aboot a cairtain young mon from Bombay who went oot a-riding one day, and the Coolie who lived in Hong-Kong whose job was to hammer a gong . . . . you know the sort o' thing."

In "THE LOST LIMERICK" by Guy Gilpatrick.
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